

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,002

FEBRUARY 9, 1889

THE GRAPHIC.

AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

THE GRAPHIC

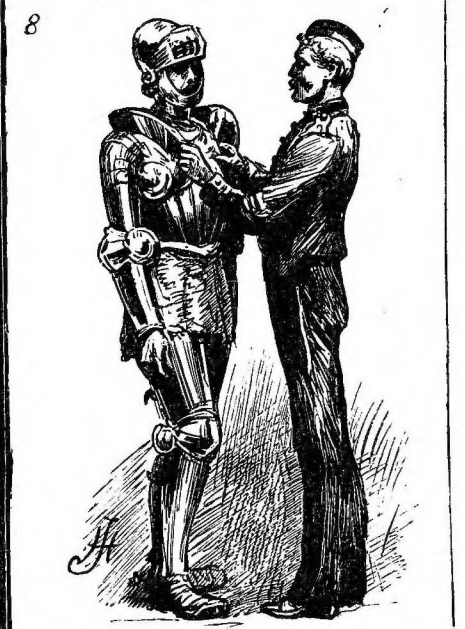
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1,002.—VOL. XXXIX.
Registered as a Newspaper

ÉDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1889

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT [PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post Ninepence Halfpenny]



1. The Composer—Mr. F. Solomon
2. Rebecca and Ivanhoe (Miss Kate Vaughan and Lieut. Livett)
3. Leading Ladies: Rebecca and Rowena (Miss Kate Vaughan and Lieut. Compton Roberts)

4. At the Rehearsal—Sketch in the Stalls
5. The Pit
6. The Clog Dance (Drummer A. Phillips and Private W. Stewart)

7. Eastern Dance (Miss Kate Vaughan)
8. Mediaeval and Modern
9. Finishing the Hobby Horses
10. Programmes

PERFORMANCE OF "IVANHOE" BY THE GUARDS BURLESQUE COMPANY AT THE CHELSEA BARRACKS
NOTES AT THE DRESS REHEARSAL AND THE FIRST PERFORMANCE

Topics of the Week

COUNTY COUNCIL ALDERMEN.—Despite its later shortcomings, the Metropolitan Board of Works has performed during the last thirty years much useful labour. Let us hope that our newly-elected Conscript Fathers will hereafter excel this labour, and show to the rest of England a bright example of municipal government. But we cannot admit that they have begun promisingly. No sooner were they legally born than they slid into politics. Why should a body whose functions are purely administrative be labelled with partisan names? It is true that those names are of a mild and neutral-tinted quality, for the most obstinate Tory deems himself Progressive in some matters, while the reddest Radical is doubtless astonished at his own Moderation. Nevertheless these appellations indicate the existence of that pestilent spirit of party which does so much to lessen the usefulness of the House of Commons, and which is far more out of place in a County Council than in an assembly of legislators. The strength of this party spirit in the Council was shown by their action on Tuesday. As the Progressists were already in a large majority, they could well have afforded to disregard politics in their selection of Aldermen, and choose the nineteen best men from the two lists. Instead of this, they voted for motives which were almost exclusively partisan, Lord Meath, whose claims are so manifest as to override party considerations, being the only Moderate candidate who was victorious. At the same time we are bound to say that the Government are greatly to blame for this regrettable commencement. Instead of trying to stem the tide of democracy by imitating the timid precedents of 1835 and 1855 (when the Municipal Corporations Acts and the Bill establishing the Board of Works were respectively passed) they should have allowed the Aldermen—if it was necessary to have Aldermen—to be chosen direct by the ratepayers. If this had been done, the general complexion of the Council would probably have been far less Radical than it now is.

PRINCE RUDOLF.—It was inevitable that the death of the unhappy Crown Prince of Austria should give rise to an enormous amount of gossip. So many conflicting stories have been going about that it is best to believe none of them, except those for which thoroughly trustworthy evidence is advanced. On occasions of this kind it is easy for unscrupulous persons to invent tales for which there is not the faintest shadow of real foundation, and the chances are that the great majority of those who profess to have received information from high authorities know no more about the matter than the public generally. The obvious explanation is that the Prince had inherited a tendency to insanity, and that he shot himself at a moment when he was not really responsible for his actions. This is the official theory, and there is more to be said for it than for any of the more sensational accounts about which busybodies have been exciting themselves. Prince Rudolf had many excellent qualities, and there can be little doubt that if he had succeeded to the Throne, and had retained the full use of his faculties, his reign would have marked an era in the intellectual history of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. He would certainly have made it one of his chief objects to foster Literature, Art, and Science, in all of which he had for many years found much to attract and interest him. So far as politics are concerned, it is improbable that his death will to any considerable extent alter the course of events. Circumstances would have compelled him, both at home and abroad, to follow the main lines of policy laid down by the present Emperor, and no other course will be open to any one whose destiny it may be to carry on the traditions of the Hapsburg Dynasty.

SAILORS ON STRIKE.—Whatever may be the rights and wrongs of the quarrel between ship-owners and sailors, there cannot be two opinions about the injury to the nation at large. Higher wages would mean higher freights, and the corollary of higher freights is invariably a more or less serious addition to the cost of British goods. It is quite possible that the present freight rates would admit of wages being raised without obliterating the margin of profit. Only natural, therefore, is it for sailors to demand a higher rate of remuneration. But, natural though it be, that course seems neither wise nor fair. Not wise, because of the likelihood that the consequent enhancement of freights would transfer some portion of our ocean-carrying trade to foreign bottoms; not fair, because the shipowners have had a desperately hard struggle for several years to keep things going at all. Judging, too, from the dividends paid by the great steamship lines, even present profits are far from exorbitant. The sailors and firemen do not seem to take that fact into consideration. Convinced that they have the power to dictate terms to their employers, they do not trouble their heads with economics. Whose fault will it be, then, if foreign seamen fill the places they have thrown up? There are plenty of alien sailors of very fair quality who would jump at the wages which Tom Bowling considers inadequate. Nor need our shipowners even go outside of the British Isles

to secure substitutes. Among the fishing population on the coast there are thousands of eager recruits only waiting the offer to take service afloat. It would be well, therefore, for the members of the Seamen's and Firemen's Union to count the cost of continuing the strike. They do not enjoy a monopoly of the labour they have to offer, but are always liable to be swamped by outsiders possessing sufficient nautical knowledge to work a ship. And with that fatally weak point in their armour, all the odds are against them in the duello they have been so unwise as to invite.

FORTIFYING LONDON.—During the reign of Louis Philippe, at the cost of about 8,000,000*l.* Paris was surrounded with a continuous rampart, flanked by (so called) impregnable forts; and thus, observes a contemporary historian, "the capital was put into a state to defy any hostile attack from without, and to overawe effectually the seditious population of the faubourgs." The latter of these forecasts was signally falsified by the events of 1848; the former, although meanwhile the system of fortification had been greatly extended and strengthened, by the siege and capitulation of Paris in 1870-71. These facts are worth recalling at a time when there is "in the air" an official scheme for fortifying London. At the same time, it is a subject which civilians should discuss with great diffidence. A great deal must depend on the magnitude of the proposed fortifications. It is doubtful whether John Bull, unless under the stress of some unusually severe panic, would ever consent to fortifications on the scale of the modern Parisian defences. The necessary expenditure (including the increased number of troops which would be needed to man the forts), would amount to an appalling sum. But certain strong places, on a modest scale, designed as rallying-places and strongholds for our soldiers in case of an invasion, may really be warranted by military exigencies. In any case, we are unwilling to accept the pessimistic doctrine propounded by the *Times*, that, if we lose the command of the sea, it is all up with us. Though, unfortunately, we are largely dependent on foreign countries for our food supplies, there is always a tolerable stock on hand; and, although great suffering and disorganisation would ensue, a hostile force might speedily discover that even hastily-raised levies would prove formidable foes. Of course, the inference from the *Times* argument is that the Navy ought to be greatly increased; nevertheless, we hope that Parliament will compel the Government to prove their case very distinctly before granting the money required.

MR. O'BRIEN IN PRISON.—It may be doubted whether any one out of Ireland has much sincere admiration for Mr. O'Brien's exploits in prison. The whole thing is rather too theatrical for the taste of ordinary Englishmen. On this side of St. George's Channel Mr. O'Brien would have commanded more respect if he had quietly submitted to prison discipline. It would have been well understood that he regarded his treatment as unjust, and even his opponents, looking at the matter from his point of view, would have felt some sympathy with him, and might have been disposed at least to give him credit for honest motives. Now he appears simply in the light of a master of the art of self-advertisement, and only wire-pullers, and persons whom wire-pullers influence, profess to be greatly affected by his grievances. At the same time it is impossible not to feel some regret that Mr. O'Brien should have the opportunity of posing as a martyr. His offences may have been serious, but the conscience of the community does not class them with ordinary crimes, and it is a mistake to deal with a violent politician as if he were a forger or a burglar. It seems to us, too, that Mr. Balfour is anything but prudent in the manner in which he speaks of these matters. At a public dinner in Dublin the other day he evoked many cheers and much laughter by a "humorous" account of Mr. O'Brien's struggles. We do not dispute that the subject has rather comic aspects, but Mr. Balfour would do well to let some one else call attention to them. In all Europe there is not a more sensitive people than the Irish, and we may be sure that those of them who sympathise with the Nationalist movement bitterly resented the Chief Secretary's ridicule. Mr. Balfour displays much pluck and energy in the discharge of his duties, but they are duties of an extremely disagreeable kind, and he ought not to give the impression that he executes them "with a light heart."

CHANNEL COLLISIONS.—During the many collisions which have lately taken place in the Channel, culminating in the tragedy off Dungeness on Sunday night, a too common feature of such "accidents" has been very noticeable. In nearly every case the disaster was wholly due to human carelessness or recklessness, call it by which name one may. Landsmen can understand ships being driven ashore by winds of hurricane force, or running into one another in dense fogs, or losing their way through mistaking one light for another, and so bumping to pieces among breakers. But when on a clear night, with only a moderate breeze blowing, two vessels sight one another at some miles' distance, and nevertheless come into collision, the affair has an altogether unaccountable look to "the gentlemen of England who live at home at ease." Yet it is very easily explained. Here in London, one every day sees vehicles shaving the skirts of pedestrians

at crossings, without the slightest attempt on the part of the driver either to check speed or to alter his course by a point or two. And that is precisely the conduct of many skippers at sea. It is abundantly clear, for instance, that had England been at war with some maritime Power, the *Nereid* and the *Killochan* would have given one another a wide berth, for fear of being picked up by a hostile cruiser. They could have done it, and they would have done it. But when the only danger that presented itself was that of collision, their *amour propre* influenced both to show their seamanship by making a close shave of it. Each flattered himself, no doubt, that the other would give way before the vessels crashed together, leaving the more daring to enjoy a sense of triumph. Nor will this sort of suicidal foolhardiness ever cease until offending skippers are punished in a really exemplary manner. The suspension of a master's certificate for six or twelve months is an absurdly light penalty for endangering human life out of sheer vanity and braggadocio.

A SEVEN DAYS' DAILY NEWSPAPER.—The astute Mr. James Gordon Bennett has inherited from his venerated father a genius for self-advertisement, and is, no doubt, highly gratified at the stir which has been made about the appearance of his newspaper on Sundays as well as on week-days. For the public is a most curious monster, very difficult to reach, despite the most profuse use of hand-bills, posters, and advertisements. But when such personages of "light and leading" as Dr. Farrar, Dr. Parker, the Bishop of London, and the Archbishop of Canterbury unbosom their thoughts about this London edition of the *New York Herald*, thousands of estimable (and possibly purchasing) people are awakened for the first time to a consciousness of its existence. Now for the merits of the case in dispute. Personally we are opposed, both on religious and utilitarian grounds, to all Sunday work which can be avoided without detriment to the community; and we also think that, if the religious sanction were withdrawn, the greed for money, and the competition for employment, might gradually lead to the total loss of the day of rest. But in a complex society, such as that of modern times, it is impossible to intermit all Sunday labour. Conveyances must run, editors and printers must work, in order that the public may have its Monday morning's news. Mr. Bennett's alleged crime therefore is not that he published a Sunday paper (for many such are already in existence), but that he publishes his paper on every day of the week. On this point the remonstrants write with much eloquence, but the bottom is knocked out of their argument by Mr. Bennett's statement that by a system of relays of work every *employé* will during the week get his proper proportion of holiday. Nevertheless, it is questionable whether in such a matter the servant ought to be left at the mercy of his employer; or whether the boon should not be secured by legislative enactment in the case of all enterprises which are carried on both on week-days and Sundays.

THE DORSET POET.—The other day a statue of the late Rev. W. Barnes, the Dorset poet, was unveiled by the Bishop of Salisbury in St. Peter's Churchyard, Dorchester. A large and influential assembly came together on the occasion, and it is satisfactory that so much honour should have been done to the memory of a man who in his lifetime made so little claim on the attention of his fellows. It cannot be truly said that Mr. Barnes ranked with the great writers of his period; but his gift, so far as it went, was genuine and of high quality, and he will always be remembered as a poet who knew how to detect, and to give form to, the poetic elements which lie hid beneath the surface of ordinary life. Mr. Barnes's supreme merit was that he did not consciously imitate others, but spoke out, in his own way, his own thoughts and feelings. He was a keen observer of those aspects of nature which appealed to his personal sympathies, and a fine spirit of humanity pervades his representations of the joys and sorrows of the unpretending folk among whom his days were spent. His use of the Dorset dialect prevents him from becoming generally popular, but it is an additional charm to those who are attracted by his genius, since it is obviously the natural, and indeed the only possible, vehicle for the utterance of his impressions, and ideas. In these days it is especially important that due reverence should be given to a man of this admirable type. Railways, telegraphs, newspapers, post-offices, bring us all, in one sense, so near one another that the increasing tendency of what we are pleased to call civilisation is to efface local distinctions. The work of Mr. Barnes is indirectly a kind of protest against this tendency, and it will preserve for posterity a picture of at least some of the characteristics which are rapidly passing away.

SOLDIERS' BEDDING.—It is under contemplation—perhaps it will remain so for another decade or so—to effect a revolutionary change in the bedding of the British soldier. From a time to which the memory of man reaches not, he has slept on straw; indeed, until quite recent years, it would have savoured of high treason to suggest that Tommy Atkins could possibly enjoy tired Nature's sweet restorer on any other couch. Some time back, however, Surgeon-Major Climo somehow managed to convince the Indian Government that coir-fibre made a much better, cheaper, and more whole-some stuffing for the military palliass than straw. It has

too, another advantage: the straw, being expensive, is not destroyed after use, but finds its way to dairy farms, where it is believed to generate pleuro-pneumonia. The coir-fibre, on the contrary, being only about one-eleventh of the value, might be destroyed after use. We think that florists could suggest a more profitable termination than that. When rotted down, the fibre makes an excellent mould for flower-beds and ferneries, and it could be employed for that purpose without danger, plants not being liable to pleuro-pneumonia. Even, however, if the fibre were burnt, the saving would amount to 10,000*l.* per annum, and would, at the same time, secure to the soldier a more comfortable, cleaner, and healthier bed. Those lively little insects which thrive among straw, as Tommy Atkins knows to his cost, hold coir in the strongest aversion, nor is the latter so prone to take fire from a stray spark. In a word, its superiority at every point is unquestionable; *ergo*, several more years are almost certain to elapse before it becomes the regulation bedding for the home forces. Any hurry might prejudice the interests of the straw purveyors; and that, of course, would be too heavy a price to pay for the comfort and health of the British soldier.

ANGLICISING FOREIGN NAMES.—There was an amusing law case the other day, wherein two of the persons examined respectively bore the names of Lightstone and Montagu. The first of these suggests an Anglo-Saxon, the second a Norman origin. Yet both of these gentlemen proved to be German Jews. The one had simply translated his name, Lichtenstein, into English; the other asserted—though the etymological process is unknown to us—that Montagu was a synonym for Moses. The statement recalls the old story of the two German brothers named Klein, much attached to each other, who emigrated to America in different ships. For several years they never met, but at last found they had been living next door to each other for a long time, only unfortunately one had translated his patronymic as Little, and the other as Small. This Anglicising process seems much commoner in the United States than in England. Many of the French Canadians who cross over into the States adopt it. Thus Dubois and Le Blanc rechristen themselves Wood and White. Many Germans, too, translate their names, probably because they are such a "mouthful" for English speakers to pronounce. We often see in lists of Americans such queer names as Morningstar, Youngblood, and Shoemaker; which are evidently the literal rendering of Morgenstern, Jungblut, and Schumacher. In Ireland, too, in former times, Anglo-Saxon names were in some cases either voluntarily adopted, or forced upon the people. Two inferences may be drawn from these facts: first, that names are untrustworthy proofs of lineage; secondly, that Volapük is likely to be rendered needless by the ever-spreading English speech.

MR MORLEY AND THE EIGHT HOURS' MOVEMENT.—On one occasion, after John Stuart Mill had addressed a great meeting of working-men, an artisan rose and asked whether it was true that he had said the working-classes of England were habitual liars. "I did say it," replied Mill, promptly, "and I now repeat it." Mr. John Morley's honesty was not put to quite so severe a test when he was waited upon, the other day, by some representatives of the Eight Hours' Movement. An ordinary politician, however, would have found the occasion rather trying. He would have been tempted at least to flatter the deputation, and to avoid anything like a plain, definite statement on the subject in which they were interested. To Mr. Morley's credit, he did not in the slightest degree shirk the inquiries pressed upon him. He spoke out manfully exactly what he thought, and there can be little doubt that whether the working-men of Newcastle agree with him or not they respect him for his courage and truthfulness. Mr. Morley said nothing that does not commend itself to the judgment of all persons of good sense. If the State refused to allow any one in its service to work more than eight hours, it would have to employ many additional "hands," and that would mean a great increase of the burden of taxation, which would of course at once tell injuriously on every form of industry and manufacture. As for the proposal that the eight hours' rule should be made universally applicable, it is simply a proposal that we should allow ourselves to be beaten by foreign competitors, who would certainly not follow our example. The scheme might be practicable if the working-classes of all countries were combined in a vast international trade union; but that, we fear, is not a condition that will be speedily realised. "Show me how the thing can be done, and I will do it," said Prince Bismarck some time ago, when he was pressed to limit the hours of work to eight. What the German Chancellor considers impossible is not likely to be found easy by less powerful statesmen.

HIGH DRESSES AT COURT.—Another pillar of the British Constitution swept away was, no doubt, the thought of that fine old Tory, Squire Standstill, as he read the Lord Chamberlain's revolutionary ukase sanctioning high dresses at Court functions. Truly, the "democratic wave" is becoming monstrously impudent when it thus surges up to the foot of the throne. Lady Bareacres would probably have preferred to catch a score of colds sooner than witness this terrible innovation. But there are not a few of her sex who,

remembering the shivering ordeals they have been wont to undergo *en route* to St. James's, will revel in the thought of clothing better adapted to our climatic rigours. Perhaps there may be some, too, who, conscious of imperfections of contour, and over-pronounced collar-bones, will give the bodice and its high collar a sincere though secret welcome. Again, to the æsthetic eye, the change from the monotonous expanse of bare necks and shoulders to a more picturesque fashion cannot fail to be very refreshing. May we not hope, too, that this new departure in Court costumes is the preface to the re-appearance of the Queen at "the head of Society," in the highest sense of the phrase? Her Majesty has duties to perform which cannot be adequately discharged even by her eldest son, zealous as he is in the trying service. We trust, therefore, that the introduction of high dresses may be accepted as a happy omen of another "new departure" of a far more important kind. To see the Queen back among them, not as a mere bird of passage, but permanently during the season, our *grandes dames* would, we feel assured, willingly attire themselves in either the Eskimo or the African fashion. Wherever her smile shines, all dresses are equally becoming, and equally comfortable.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued a TWO-PAGE COLOURED SUPPLEMENT, entitled "SKETCHES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER IN EGYPT," drawn by Lady Butler (Miss Elizabeth Thompson), written by Charles Williams.

AN ACCEPTABLE PRESENT. NOW READY, NEW GRAPHIC VOLUME,

Comprising the Issues from July to December, 1888. The Volume contains over 500 Engravings by the best Artists, Illustrating the Current Events of the Day, as well as presenting Portraits of Eminent Persons and Copies of Celebrated Paintings, and many Original Drawings, both in Black and White, and in Colours. The Christmas Number is also included in this Volume. Bound in blue cloth, gilt letters and edges, *etc.* It can be obtained of any Bookseller, or it will be sent carriage free to any English Railway Station direct from the Office for 2*s.* Cases for binding any of these volumes can also be obtained—blue cloth gilt 4*s.*; or plain 3*s.*

NOTICE.

The Postage abroad for the THIN PAPER EDITION, issued without the Green Cover, if despatched within eight days of date to any of the following countries, is 1*d.* per Copy—Africa, Australia, Brazil, Canada, Cape, Chili, Egypt, any part of Europe, Peru, Mexico, New Zealand, any part of the United States, West Indies; and 1*d.* per Copy to Ceylon, China, India, and Japan.

For the Ordinary Edition, with Green Cover, double the above rates are necessary. There must be no "enclosure," or writing inside, or on the Cover, beyond the name and address to which it is sent, and the stamp must not affix the addressed Cover to the Paper.

SUBSCRIBERS to this journal will please to note the following terms on which THE GRAPHIC will be posted to any part of the world, including postage and extra Summer and Christmas Numbers.

	Thin	Thick	De Luxe
UNITED KINGDOM	—	3 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i>	4 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i>
All parts of EUROPE, AFRICA, ARGENTINE REPUBLIC, BRAZIL, CANADA, CAPE, CHILI, EGYPT, JAMAICA, MAURITIUS, MEXICO, PERU, UNITED STATES	3 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i>	3 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i>	4 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i>
AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND	3 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i>	3 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i>	4 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i>
CEYLON, CHINA, INDIA, JAPAN	3 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i>	4 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i>	5 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i>

Payment, which must be in advance, can be made by Cheque or P.O.O. payable to the Publisher, E. J. MANSFIELD, 190, Strand, London.



FOR ANNOUNCEMENT of the SAVOY GALLERY
see page 143.

LYCEUM.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—MACBETH—Every Evening at 7.45—Over, 7.45—Macbeth, Mr. Henry Irving, Lady Macbeth, Miss Ellen Terry, Box Office (Mr. H. Irving) open to 5. Seats can be booked by letter or telegram. Carriages 1*l.*—LYCEUM.

GLOBE THEATRE.—Sole Lessee, Mr. RICHARD MANSFIELD.—TO-NIGHT (Saturday) at Eight, SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL. Miss Kate Vaughan as Lady Teazle. The Minuet arranged by Miss Vaughan. Upon the return to this theatre of Mr. Mansfield, early next month, Shakespeare's tragedy RICHARD III. will be played.—Mr. E. D. Price, Manager.

BRITANNIA THEATRE.—Sole Proprietress—Mrs. S. LANE.—EVERY EVENING, at 7, THE MAGIC DRAGON OF THE DEMON DELL, by J. Addison Esq. Misses Millie Howes, Marie Lloyd, Myra Massey, Florida Estelle; Messrs. Pat Murphy, Will Oliver, Geo. Lupino, Jan. W. Gardiner, A. V. H. Lupino, Bigwood, Newbound, &c. Morning Performances every Monday and Thursday, at 1 o'clock.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—Doré's LAST GREAT PICTURE completed a few days before he died. Now on VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street, with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and his other Great Pictures. From 10 to 6 Daily. One Shilling.

JEPHTHA'S VOW. By EDWIN LONG, R.A. THREE NEW PICTURES—JEPHTHA'S RETURN, &c. ON THE MOUNTAINS. THE MARTYR—Are NOW ON VIEW, with his celebrated ANNO DOMINI ZEUS AT CROTONA, &c., at THE GALLERIES, 168, New Bond Street, from 10 to 6. Admission 1*s.*

ROYAL HOUSE OF STUART.—Exhibition of Portraits, Miniatures, and Personal Relics connected with the Royal House of Stuart, Under the Patronage of Her Majesty the Queen. Open daily from 10 till 7. Admission, 1*s.* Season Tickets, 5*s.*—New Gallery, Regent Street.

BRIGHTON.—FREQUENT TRAINS.—From Victoria and London Bridge Terminus. Also Trains in connection with Kensington (Addison Road). Return Tickets London to Brighton, available eight days. Cheap Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Season Tickets. Available by all Trains between London and Brighton. Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Weekday from Victoria 12.0 a.m. Fare 1*s.* 6*d.*, including Pullman Car. Cheap Half-Guinea First Class Day Tickets to Brighton Every Saturday from Victoria and London Bridge. Admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion. Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. Fare 1*s.* Pullman Cars run on trains between London and Brighton. Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations. On the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.—Via NEW-HAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.—Cheap Express Service Weekdays and Sundays. From Victoria 7.30 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. Fares—Single, 3*s.* 6*d.*, 3*s.* 7*d.*, 1*s.* 8*d.*; Return, 5*s.* 3*d.*, 4*s.* 3*d.*, 3*s.* 3*d.* Powerful Paddle Steamers with excellent Cabins, &c. Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe. SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.—Tourists' Tickets are issued enabling the holder to visit All the principal places of interest.

FOR full particulars, see Time Book and Handbills, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained—West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; 25, Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Ludgate Circus Office; and Gaze's, 142, Strand. (By Order) A. SARKIS, Secretary and General Manager.



THE GUARDS BURLESQUE COMPANY

THE annual entertainment of the Guards Burlesque Company was given on the evening of Friday, February 1st, at the Chelsea Barracks Theatre, before a large assemblage, including many ladies. The novelty of the occasion was a burlesque written by Mr. E. C. Nugent on the subject of "Ivanhoe;" the title being *The Real Truth About Ivanhoe, or the Scott Scotched*. In this perversion of the celebrated original Maid Marian (Miss Jenny McNulty) is maid to Rebecca (Miss Kate Vaughan), Robin Hood (Lieut. G. Nugent) is the intimate friend of Ivanhoe (Lieut. B. J. Livett), Isaac of York (Lieut. F. Sandford) is a pawnbroker, Cedric the Saxon (Colonel Ricardo) is a doddering idiot, and Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert (Captain F. C. Ricardo), a doughty, though villainous, knight; Rowena, the fair and sweet Rowena, was played by a man, Lieut. H. R. Compton Roberts. There was an amusing "topical" duet, "Will it happen again, I wonder?" between him (her?) and Mr. Nugent, and much merriment was aroused when Rowena gazed sentimentally at every male who came upon the stage, and murmured, "That is a man, methinks, that I could love." The music was composed by Mr. Edward Solomon. Miss Kate Vaughan danced with her usual grace, and Miss McNulty was a charming Maid Marian. The burlesque was preceded by Mr. Sydney Grundy's *In Honour Bound*. The performance, which was under the direction of Mr. G. P. Hawtreys, was enthusiastically received, and encores abounded.

GRAND BALL AT THE OPERA HOUSE, MALTA

THIS ball was given by Admiral the Duke of Edinburgh and all the officers under his command to celebrate the close of his period of command in these waters. The ball was organised on a magnificent scale, and as the number of guests was unprecedented, the Opera House was secured for the occasion—for the first time on record. Immediately after the evening performance on Thursday, the 17th ult., large parties of Bluejackets and carpenters were set at work, and they worked as only Bluejackets can, so that by the morning of the 21st the house was transformed into a splendid ball-room. A floor was laid down from the lower boxes right up to the drop scene, behind which, on the stage, the supper-room was formed out of a gorgeous tent, composed of the ensigns and flags of the ships, and adorned with glittering trophies of arms, &c. In addition to the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, there were present the Governor, Sir H. Torrens and Lady Torrens, and all the chief personages of the island, upwards of 1,100 invitations having been issued.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. H. I. Britten, Assistant-Paymaster, R.N.

FIRST MEETING OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL

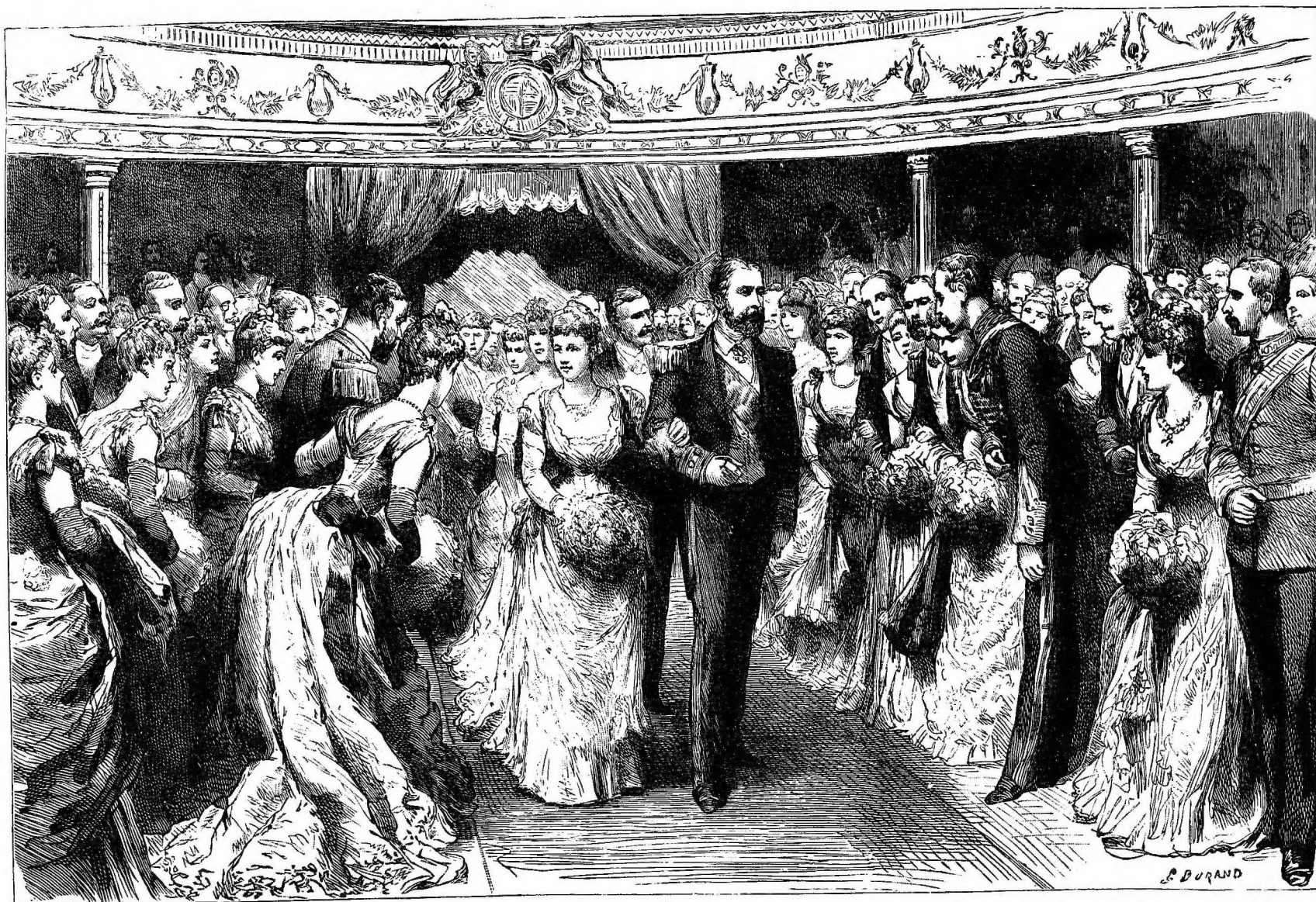
THE first meeting of this newly-elected body convened by Sir Thomas Chambers, the returning officer, was held at 3 P.M. on January 31st, in the rooms at Spring Gardens hitherto appropriated to the sittings of the Metropolitan Board of Works. As the new Council contains more members than the Metropolitan Board, a number of chairs were brought in, and the space usually reserved for deputations was also given up to the members. Some members, on arriving, pinned their cards to the seats they had chosen—House of Commons fashion—so that others might not take them in their temporary absence. Lord Magheramorne was present for a few moments, but then retired, doubtless remembering that the accustomed chair was not for him that day. Sir Joseph Bazalgette, the Board's engineer, also put in an appearance. There was no attempt to mark the division of the Council into two parties. Liberals and Conservatives were distributed on both sides, though they sat in groups of two or three for friendly conversation. The buzz of talk was at its loudest when Lady Sandhurst and Miss Cobden came in. Nobody had thought of reserving seats for the two lady members. Voices suddenly fell to something like silence, and an awkward pause ensued. Nobody was inclined to give up the seat he had secured. But, at length, with a kind of apologetic courtesy, a way was opened along the floor to the front row of the remotest seats just under the Strangers' Gallery, where Lord Rosebery and Lord Compton were sitting. Business began punctually at 3 P.M. by the unanimous election of Sir John Lubbock as Chairman. The Council then proceeded to discuss the selection of Aldermen. Colonel Edis proposed that the meeting should be adjourned for a few days in order to give members time to deliberate over the list of names proposed, and, after a prolonged and animated discussion, this motion was carried by a majority of 66 to 42. The Council met again last Tuesday, when the nineteen Aldermen were elected. All the Progressive candidates were successful except Mr. Green. Three of the successful candidates, Lord Lingen, Lord Hobhouse, and Mr. Quintin Hogg, were supported by both parties. Among the other successful candidates are Sir T. Farrer, Mr. Frederic Harrison, Mr. G. W. E. Russell, Mr. Evan Spicer, and Mr. Arthur Arnold. One lady, Miss Cons, of Surrey Lodge, Kennington, has been made to enjoy the somewhat anomalous designation of Alderman. Among the rejected candidates were the Duke of Abercorn, Lord Stanhope, Sir H. Doulton, Sir D. Galton, and Mr. Shipton, Secretary to the London Trades Council.

THE DEATH OF THE CROWN PRINCE RUDOLF

WE gave a biographical notice of the late Crown Prince Rudolf last week, so that we need only mention here that the Archduchess Stephanie, who is not yet twenty-five, is the daughter of the King and Queen of the Belgians, and was married to the Crown Prince on May 10th, 1881. The little Archduchess Elizabeth is the only child of the union, and was born on September 2nd, 1883. As by the Austrian Constitution the Crown can only devolve upon a female in default of any male heir, the next heir to the throne is the Emperor's brother, the Archduke Charles Louis, who is only three years younger than the Emperor, having been born in 1833. The Archduke, for reasons of State, has renounced his right to the throne in favour of his eldest son, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand. The real cause of the Crown Prince's death was not divulged for two days, and it was at first stated that he had died of heart disease. The Court physicians, however, staunchly refused to sign a certificate to this effect. As both M. Tisza and Count Kalnoky insisted that the truth should be published, it was finally officially announced—what had been suspected from the first—that the unfortunate Prince had committed suicide. Various stories have been circulated with regard to the cause of this act, but the official account attributes it to temporary insanity—as the Prince's attendants had for some time past noticed various indications of morbid nervous excitement, while the Prince for some time past has frequently complained of headache, which he himself attributed to a fall from a horse last November at Laxenburg. The Prince had complained of feeling ill the night before, and had in consequence not gone to the family dinner at Vienna, pleading a chill. He appears to have written letters to the Emperor and Empress announcing his intention to commit suicide, and then in



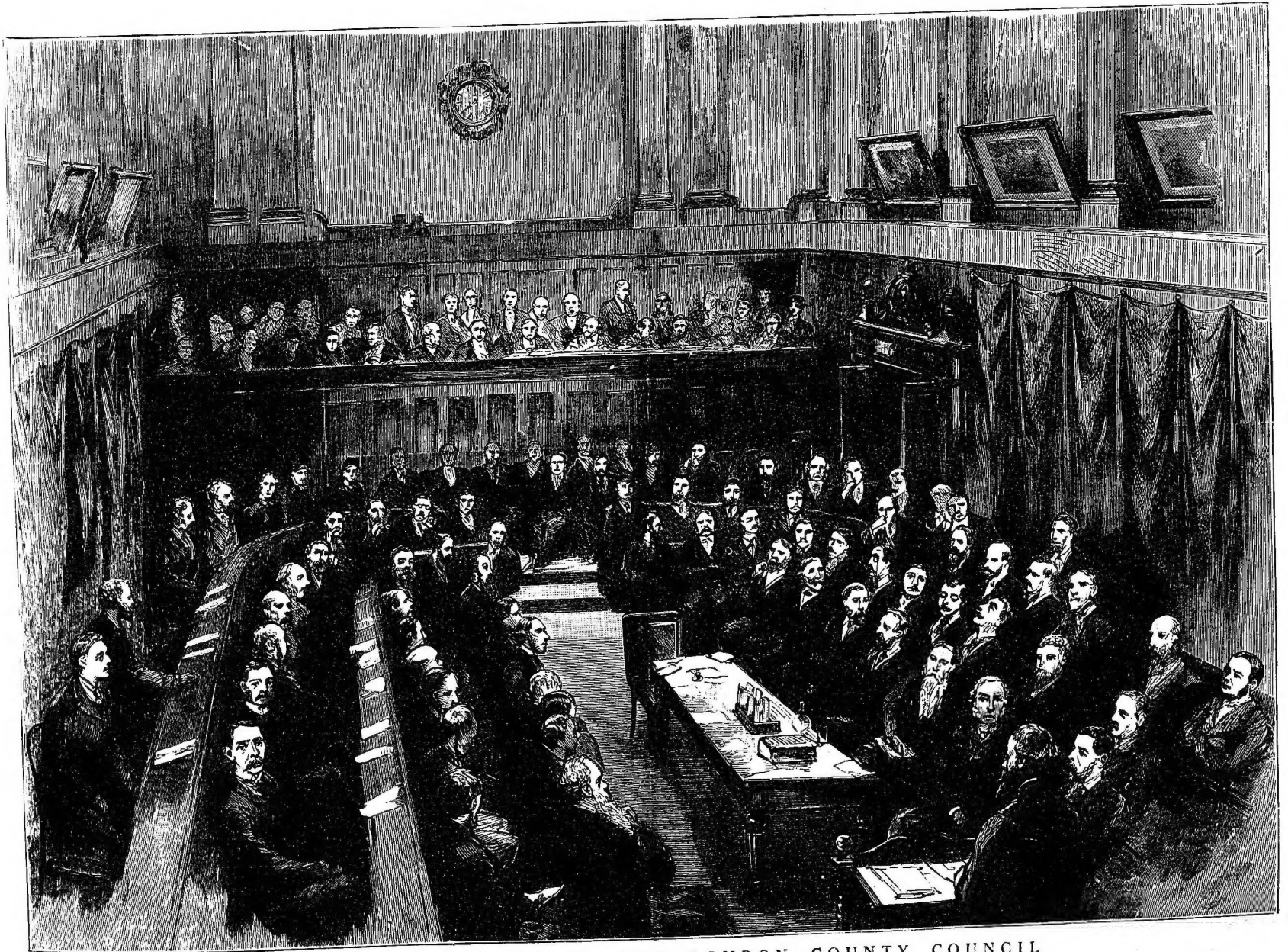
THE ARCHDUKE RUDOLF, CROWN PRINCE OF AUSTRIA
BORN AUGUST 21, 1858. DIED JANUARY 30, 1889



GRAND NAVAL BALL GIVEN BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN THE OPERA HOUSE, MALTA
TO CELEBRATE THE CLOSE OF HIS PERIOD OF COMMAND OF THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEET—ENTRANCE OF THE ROYAL PARTY

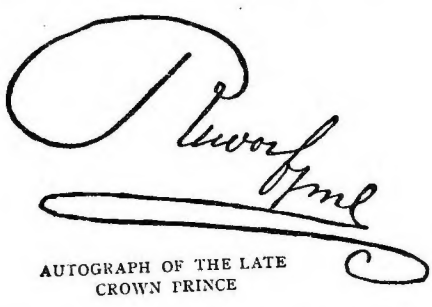


THE ARCHDUCHESS STÉPHANIE, CROWN PRINCESS OF AUSTRIA
WIDOW OF THE ARCHDUKE RUDOLF



THE FIRST MEETING OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL
AT THE OFFICE OF THE METROPOLITAN BOARD OF WORKS, SPRING GARDENS

the early morning to have called his valet Loschek, and to have told him to give orders to the coachman in preparation for the day's shooting. When the valet returned the Prince's door was locked. Eventually he became alarmed, and informed the Prince of Coburg and Count Hoyos, who broke in the door, and found the Prince lying dead upon the bed, with his revolver by his side, and with terrible wounds on his head—the skull and the forepart of the brain being shattered. Count Hoyos went at once to Vienna to break the news to the Emperor and Empress, but it was not until late in the day that the whole truth

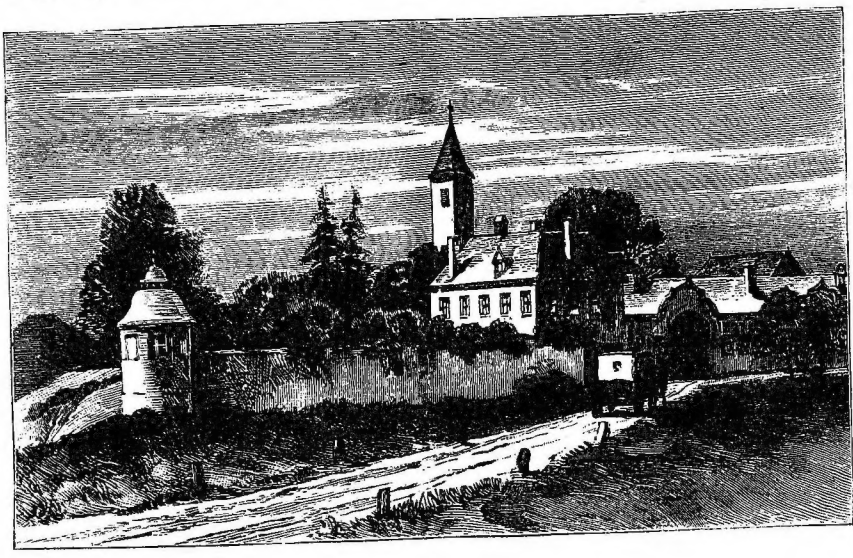


AUTOGRAPH OF THE LATE CROWN PRINCE

was told them—they being first informed that apoplexy was the cause of the Prince's death. The Prince's body was conveyed to Vienna on Thursday week, and was received by the Emperor and Empress in the private portion of the Hofburg, being at once taken to the late Prince's apartments. On Friday it was embalmed, and then lay privately in State, certain privileged persons being admitted. On Monday the body lay in public state in the Court Chapel, whither thousands of people thronged to obtain a last glance of the Prince. On Tuesday the funeral took place in the Capuchins' Church in the Neumarkt, an account of which will be found in our "Foreign News."—Our portraits are from photographs as follows:—That of the Archduke Rudolf by Fritz Luckardt, Vienna; that of the Archduchess Stéphanie by L. Grillich, Vienna; and that of the little Archduchess Elizabeth by Othmar von Turk, Vienna.

MEYERLING, WHERE THE PRINCE DIED

MEYERLING is situated about two miles from the small watering-place of Baden, and about twelve miles from Vienna. Two years ago the Crown Prince, who had frequently shot over the neighbourhood, bought a considerable extent of ground well stocked with



MEYERLING

game, besides a manor-house (once a monastery), and an old inn, which he soon replaced by a comfortable shooting-box. The surrounding country is exceedingly picturesque, and Meyerling speedily became a favourite resort of both the Prince and Princess, who personally superintended the transformation of the two buildings, the old manor-house being reserved for their guests, and the new house being occupied by themselves. The buildings stand close to each other in the centre of a beautiful park—the Crown Prince's abode being in the French Renaissance style. The Prince lived on the first floor, and some of his more intimate friends were lodged in the rooms beneath. The manor-house has a gigantic courtyard, surrounded by high walls, forming a large square, embellished by several small gardens. With its castellated buildings the quondam monastery presents a somewhat gloomy appearance, contrasting very conspicuously with the surrounding picturesque scenery.

THE REQUIEM MASS IN LONDON

ON Tuesday morning, the day of the Crown Prince Rudolf's funeral at Vienna, a Requiem Mass was celebrated in the Roman Catholic Chapel, Farm Street, Berkeley Square. Admittance could only be obtained by tickets from the Austro-Hungarian Embassy, and the church was crowded by Royal personages, and Court and diplomatic officials. The church had been elaborately hung with heavy mourning draperies, which entirely concealed the pillared arches on either side of the broad central aisle, the sombre folds being barely relieved here and there by a medallion, on which a solitary gold "R" stood out from a deep purple ground. All the glories of the High Altar were also buried beneath the general shroud of crape, while the window above was almost entirely concealed by a heavy purple hanging. At the end of the aisle, against the chancel rail, stood a light catafalque bearing the semblance of a coffin, that was itself concealed beneath a black pall richly embroidered with gold. The catafalque rose from a perfect bed of magnificent white flowers, and on the pall there rested a large Imperial crown, lightly veiled with crape. The altar, pulpit, and the seats reserved for the members of the Court and the Corps Diplomatique were draped in black, outlined in gold, and the Sanctuary was carpeted with purple. The seats set apart for the Royal Princes were covered in scarlet edged with gold lace. As Her Majesty had given orders that all the male members of the Royal Family in England should attend the ceremony, there were present, in addition to the Prince of Wales, who represented the Queen, and who wore the uniform of the Austrian Hussar Regiment, of which last year he was appointed Honorary Colonel, Prince Albert Victor, Prince George, Prince Henry of Battenberg, and the Duke of Teck. The service was celebrated by the Right Rev. J. L. Patterson (Bishop of Emmaus), the Rev. Father Goldie, the Rev. Father Strassmaier, and the Rev. Father Morris. The Mass was sung to a plain chant by Reisseger. The Kyrie was Le Prevost's, the Graduale from Cherubini's "Requiem," and the "Sanctus" and "Agnus Dei" by Reisseger.

THE MANSION HOUSE, DUBLIN

THE Mansion House, Dublin, is a fairly good example of a city residence of the time of the Revolution, although it has undergone many alterations. However, the State dining room retains its original character, and is a finely proportioned apartment, panelled throughout with dark oak, with well-carved enrichments, amongst which is a kind of rack, or stand, made to hold the mace and sword on the occasion of a State dinner. This sword and mace are exceedingly handsome, and date from the reign of George I. There is, however, a smaller mace which was presented by William III., and also a small sword with a silver hilt, worn by William III. at the Battle of the Boyne. The chain and collar were given to the Municipality by William III., and has attached to it a large gold medal bearing his effigy. It is said that each Lord Mayor in succession adds a link or ornament to this chain. It is a good example of goldsmiths' work, adorned with enamel. There are two large loving-cups, the covers of which are terminated by rising phoenixes.

Perhaps, however, the most interesting relic in the Mansion House is the bunch of keys which formerly locked the gates of the town. Not one gate now exists; and, therefore, these keys are all that is left to recall the fact that Dublin was once a walled city. These keys used formerly to be presented to the Lord Lieutenant in the Throne Room of the Castle on his arrival.

The Hall of the Mansion House is hung round with old axes, flint-lock guns, and halberds which were formerly used by the City Guard. All these objects of interest are under the care of Mr. White, who has been in the service of the Lord Mayors of Dublin since the time of Daniel O'Connell, and who can relate many interesting anecdotes of the Mansion House and its occupants.

The State coach of the Lord Mayor is very gracefully designed, and the carving admirably executed. The paintings upon the panels are said to be the work of Sir Peter Lely. It is superior in every way to the State carriage of the Lord Mayor of London, and does not possess the cumbrousness or ginger-bread appearance which has caused that vehicle to become rather an object of satire.

H. C. B.

THE BERNARDINES

A FEW miles from Bayonne, at the village of Anglet, there is a convent belonging to the Sister Servants of Marie; attached to which is that of the Bernardines—nuns vowed to a life-long silence. The Order was first founded by a Canon of Bayonne to provide a shelter for penitent women of the lower class, where they could lead an honest, hard-working life. From this sprang the Bernardines, or Silent Sisters, as they are called—rich women, who, burdened with the remorse of heavy sin, or crushed by some catastrophe which has wrecked their lives, wish to spend the rest of their days alone with God. The *dot*, or fortune, which each nun brings, not only supports her, but enables the convent to admit more penitents.

These last live at the convent of the Sister Servants, and work like men in the fields, gardens, and farmyards belonging to it, the produce of which, together with the proceeds of the exquisite needlework of the nuns, supports the establishment. This manner of employing the penitents reflects great credit upon the wisdom of the Canon, and it has proved a complete success, and the women never evince the smallest desire to leave the kindly home which shelters them, though they are bound by no vows like the nuns; the constant out-door work keeps them healthy in mind and body, while the care of the animals gives them interest, and often rouses their dead affections. The labours of the Sisters of Marie do not end with the penitents: they have besides a school for the children of the neighbouring poor in a very large establishment where young ladies of good family are educated, situated between their own convent and that of the Bernardines, while the latter are entirely cared for by the busy Sisters.

One of the illustrations represents the Refectory, a long low shed, with sanded floor, and narrow, barred windows. It is furnished with two rows of coarse deal tables and benches. Each nun has a small drawer in the table, containing a wooden drinking cup, knife, fork, and napkin. They drink only water, have meat three times a week, except in Lent, when they never touch it, and eat their meals kneeling on Fridays. The nuns wear a full skirt of white woollen material, with a cap and bell-shaped hood, which covers the head, and almost conceals the face.—Our engravings are from photographs by Miss Anna Hardy, of Wadhurst, Sussex.

THE PARNELL COMMISSION

AMONG the witnesses who were examined on Thursday, January 31st, was Michael Roche, a farmer of Causeway, County Kerry, who joined the Land League in 1880, but was afterwards boycotted, shot at, and had his house burnt down for paying his rent. This man explained why on several occasions he was summoned by the police for drunkenness. He said that a man under police protection was compelled to drink



MR. JAMES WILLIS, CHIEF CONSTABLE OF BRADFORD Who produced letters in John Tobin's possession as to "short furniture," "long furniture," and "pills" (ammunition).



MR. JOSEPH WILKINSON, CHIEF CONSTABLE OF ROCHEDALE Who seized various documents connected with the Land League.

in order to keep up his courage. Thomas Sheehy, another farmer from the same neighbourhood, showed how his house was fired at because he had taken possession of some land from his brother-in-law, who owed him money. On the following

day, February 1st, Mr. Joseph Wilkinson, Chief Constable of Rochdale, gave an account of certain documents belonging to a man named John Walsh, for whom he was searching. They were found at the Navigation Hotel in that town, and included a copy of the



MR. PATRICK J. B. DALY

A Solicitor of Ballinrobe, Mayo, who, between 1879 and 1883, defended a number of persons charged with murders and other outrages.

rules of the Irish Republican Brotherhood. Mr. Richard Tighe, a solicitor of Ballinasloe, testified that he had received money through Mr. Matt Harris from the local branch of the Land League for defending ejected tenants and Moonlighters at the Galway Assizes. Mr. Patrick J. B. Daly, a solicitor formerly practising in Ballinrobe, Mayo, testified that he had defended a number of persons charged with murder, and also with offences under the Whiteboy Acts, and that he was paid by the Land League miscellaneous costs amounting to between 300*l.* and 400*l.* These transactions occurred between the years 1879 and 1883. Further details will be found in our "Legal" column.



MAJOR LE CARON (THOMAS WILLIS BEACH) A FENIAN ORGANISER

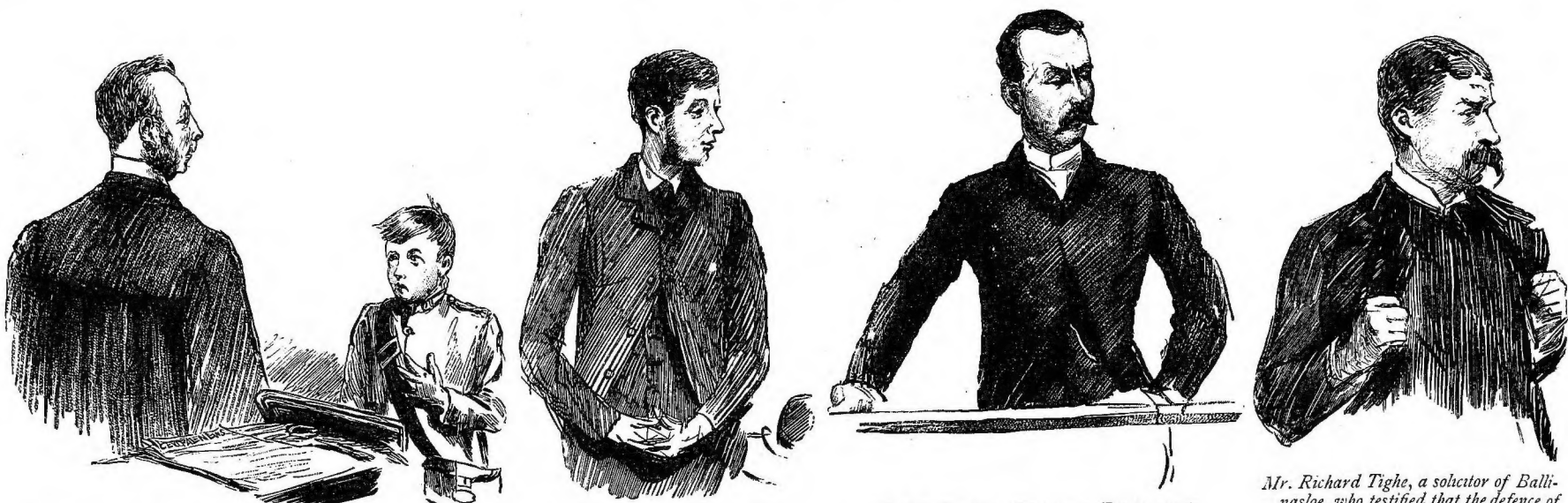
"Mr. Egan said, 'You remember the committee of Dutch officers from Amsterdam who were sent down to South Africa in the Boer affair. I defrayed the expenses of those gentlemen out of the funds of the League. That is an affair that would I never do to come to light.'—"Very well; you say that was money that he paid out of the Land League for Dutch officers to go to assist the Boers?"—"Yes, Sir."—"Against the English?"—"Yes, Sir."

MR. H. C. MILLETT

LAST week we illustrated and described the leading features of St. Catherine's Lighthouse, Isle of Wight, and, subjoined, we give the portrait of Mr. H. C. Millett, late Engineer R.N., under whose charge the completed arrangements have been placed. Mr. Millett had formerly charge of the first permanent electric-light at Souter's



Point. He originally served as Engineer in the British Navy, and subsequently joined the Italian Naval Service. He is possessor of a most unique collection of medals, British, Italian, French, Turkish, and Portuguese, every one of which has been personally presented to him.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Paul Stabler, Sunderland.

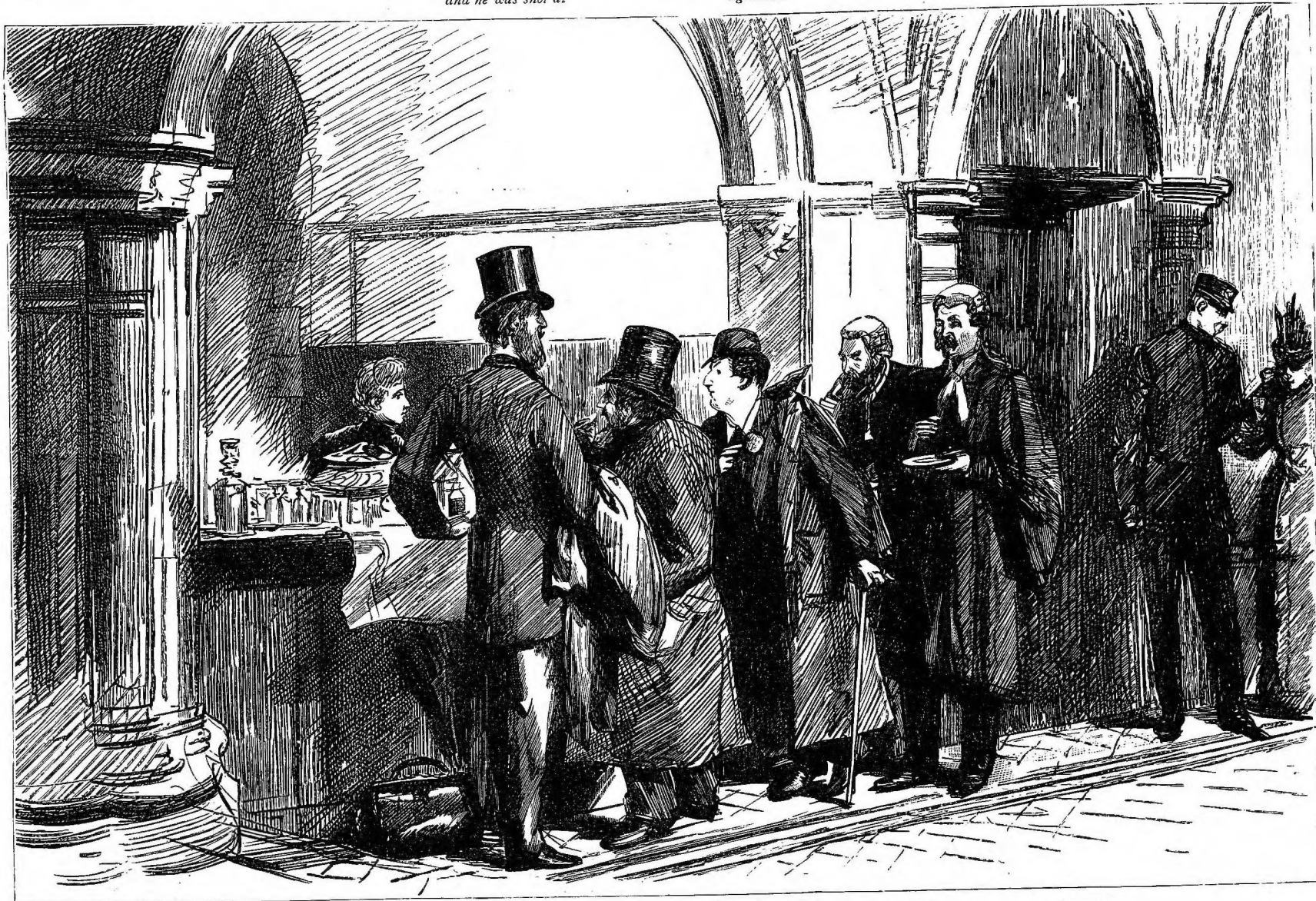


*A Breathless Messenger-boy comes hiccupping into Court:—
Junior Usher (sternly): "Silence!"*

*Michael Roche, a Kerry farmer,
who paid his Rent secretly.
His house was burned down,
and he was shot at*

*Mr. W. Hanly, a Tipperary Estate-agent,
who gave evidence as to the payment of
Rents before and after the Land League
agitation.*

*Mr. Richard Tighe, a solicitor of Balli-
nasloe, who testified that the defence of
Moonlighters was undertaken by him
at the instance of Mr. Matt Harris,
M.P., and other Leaguers.*



"CALLED TO THE BAR"—MESSRS. PARNELL, BIGGAR, T. HARRINGTON, AND REDMOND, TAKE SOME LIGHT REFRESHMENT



*Thomas Sheehy, whose house was
fired into after he had taken
over some land from his brother-in-law*



*Mr. John Dillon, M.P., an infrequent
visitor to the Court*



*Habitué of the Court to Distinguished Stranger: "The
man next to you is Michael Davitt"—D. S. (with
a start): "Good Heavens! you don't say so?"*

HER MAJESTY AND THE HOSPITAL SHIP "QUEEN VICTORIA"

ON Friday last week the new Hospital Ship *Queen Victoria*, which has been built for the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, was inspected off Osborne by the Queen. The vessel was taken as close to the beach as possible, and half-a-dozen of her crew were landed to be presented to the Queen, who with the Empress Frederick of Germany and Princess Henry of Battenberg had driven to the landing-place in an open carriage. Mr. Mather, the founder and director of the Mission, was presented to the Queen by Sir Henry Ponsonby, and Her Majesty, who is patron of the Mission, after carefully inspecting the Hospital Ship at her moorings, asked many questions as to the general welfare of the Mission, and especially as to the benefits to be conferred by the new vessel, the first of its kind, but which is to be the forerunner of others. When Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice had driven away, the Empress Frederick and her two daughters, the Princess Sophie and Margaret, went on board the *Queen Victoria*, and were shown over the vessel by Mr. Mather, visiting the little saloon, the well-fitted surgery and dispensary, and the cabin of the crew, which, with another hold forward, can, by opening folding doors, be made into a mission hall to accommodate a congregation of two hundred for Sunday Service. The *Queen Victoria* is a smart-looking smack-rigged vessel of 153 tons, designed chiefly by Mr. Thomas Gray, C.B., of the Board of Trade, who is the Chairman of the Finance Committee of the Mission, and was built at a cost of 3,600*l.* by Messrs. Fellows and Inn, of Great Yarmouth. She is commanded by Skipper Jones, the Commodore of the Deep Sea Mission Fleet, which for the past seven years has done such good service amongst the great trawling fleets, in which thousands of Hull, Grimsby, and Yarmouth fishermen spend eight weeks of toil and hardship with one week of rest. Though each Mission Ship is equipped with a certain amount of

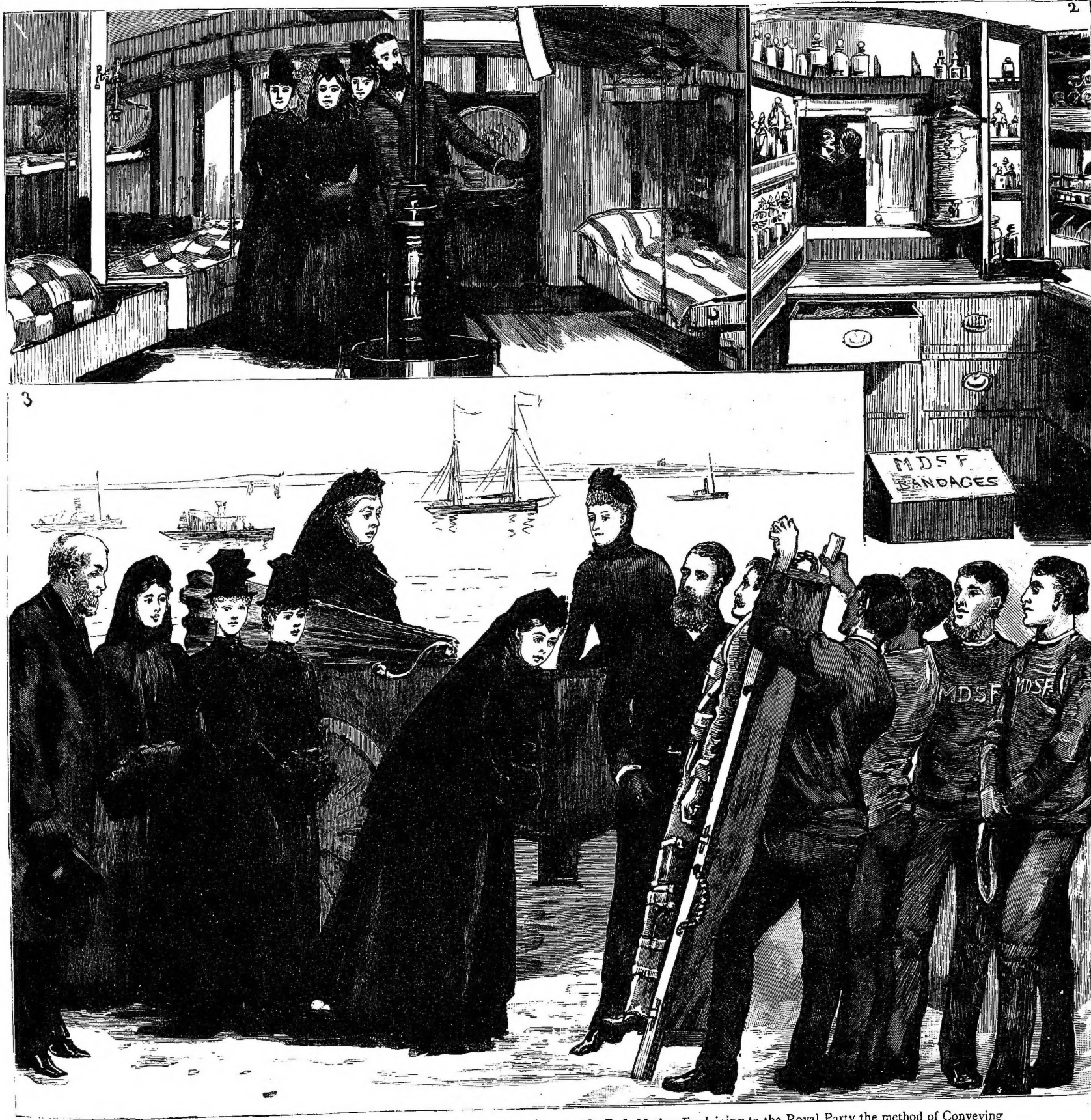


THE ARCHDUCHESS ELIZABETH
Infant Daughter of the late Crown Prince and the Crown
Princess of Austria
Born September 2, 1883

medical comforts, and the skippers have been instructed how to deal with cases of emergency, it was found that the appliances were insufficient for the purpose, and the present vessel was built as a floating hospital—the arrangements being superintended by Mr. Frederick Treves, F.R.C.S. Dr. Schofield has also lent valuable aid to the Mission, and has aided in drawing up a code of medical rules for the service, under which a number of zealous young practitioners are doing excellent work in the fleet. The *Queen Victoria* is to be followed by other hospital ships, one of which, the *Albert*, is already being built, but the funds for her equipment and maintenance have yet to be raised. For those readers who may wish to follow Her Majesty's example, and assist so worthy a cause, we may mention that subscriptions or donations in aid of the Mission may be sent to the Secretary, Alexander Gordon, Esq., Bridge House, 181, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

THE INDIAN BAZAAR AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION

THE Indian Bazaar, or Serai, will be a prominent feature at the Paris Exhibition. Running along the western side of the Champ de Mars will be a range of Oriental buildings, some of which will represent a Cairo street. The Indian Bazaar forms one of these buildings. It is being constructed by Messrs. Joubert, from the design of Mr. Purdon Clarke, the architect of the Indian Palace in the London Colonial Exhibition, and will represent a typical caravanserai, where merchants find a temporary abode, and display their wares. The plan is cruciform, with a central two-storied hall from which two galleries run to either end. Inside there will be twenty shops or stalls, and these have been let to Indian exhibitors, one of the most important amongst these being the Maharajah of Cashmere. The central porch will



1. The Hospital on Board the "Queen Victoria"
2. The Surgery

3. Mr. E. J. Mather Explaining to the Royal Party the method of Conveying Sick or Wounded on Board the Hospital Ship

HER MAJESTY INSPECTING THE "QUEEN VICTORIA," THE HOSPITAL-SHIP OF THE MISSION TO DEEP-SEA FISHERMEN IN OSBORNE BAY

be flanked by two minarets, and along the outside will run a verandah, which will be devoted to the sale of Indian tea. Under the central dome will be placed a fountain, and a wide passage will lead from end to end between the two rows of shops. As the Parisians have long since adopted the English fashion of afternoon tea, it may reasonably be expected that the tea-bars—for there is to be a Ceylon bar as well as an Indian—will be no less fashionable than those at our own Colonial Exhibition. The style chosen—*Engineering* tells us—is that of the transition period, between the Pathan and the Mogul, and all the details have been taken from historic buildings. The decorations will be in plaster cast direct from the originals, thus securing the rough and free chiselling of the Indian workmen.



THE sad death of the Crown Prince of Austria-Hungary has completely overshadowed political news this week. Every country in Europe has both popularly and officially expressed the warmest sympathy with the Emperor and Empress in their trouble, while solemn requiem services were celebrated in every capital on Tuesday. Vienna itself has been a veritable city of mourning, and even in the poorest quarters strips of black cloth might be seen hanging from the houses, while in the windows were placed busts of the unfortunate Archduke with rudely-written expressions of regret and sorrow. The official version of the Prince's death is given in our illustrations, and we will pass on here to the funeral which was solemnised on Tuesday in the Capuchins' Church in the Neue Markt—the burial-place of the Hapsburgs. According to the Emperor's express orders and, as, indeed, befitted the occasion, the funeral ceremonies were of a private and not of a State character. Several European princes—amongst them the Prince of Wales, had signified their desire to be present, but the Emperor decided that only those of the immediate family should attend. The Emperor, the King and Queen of the Belgians, and the Archdukes, were accordingly the only Royal mourners, the various Sovereigns being represented by their diplomatic envoys, Sir Augustus Paget attending on behalf of the Queen, and General Keith Fraser, the Military Attaché to the Embassy, representing the Prince of Wales. The Empress, the Crown Prince, and the Archduchesses Gisela and Marie Valerie were not present, but had previously attended a requiem service with the Emperor in the Palace Oratory.

The funeral procession from the Hofburg to the church was exceedingly simple, consisting of a body of one hundred clergy carrying silver crosses, several mourning coaches, an escort of Hussars, and a plain open hearse drawn by six white horses. The coffin was covered with a black velvet pall embroidered with gold, and bore neither coronet or sword, but only a couple of wreaths. The Service was performed by Cardinal Ganglbauer, the Archbishop of Vienna, and after the "Libera" had been chanted the Emperor stepped out from his place, walked up alone to his son's coffin, knelt down beside it, and prayed. The Absolution was then pronounced, the coffin was transferred to the vaults, and, after another form of consecration, was given over by the Grand Master of the Household, Prince Hohenlohe, to the Abbot of the Capuchins. Opening the coffin so as to show the Prince's face, he asked, "Do you recognise in the deceased the illustrious Archduke?" To which the Abbot replied, "Yes; the body of his Highness will be guarded by us, as is our bounden duty." Prince Hohenlohe then handed the Abbot a duplicate key of the coffin, and the ceremony was over. The Emperor has shown great courage and composure of mind throughout the trying events of the week, but is said to have broken down during the service in the vault, when he threw himself down on his knees, embraced his son's coffin, and wept bitterly. He, however, has made a special point of assuring Ministers that his grief will not prevent him from discharging his duties as a Sovereign—a declaration doubtless intended to contradict the various rumours of his abdication which have been flying about since the Crown Prince's death.

IN GERMANY, Prince Bismarck has emphasised his declaration last week that he was not a "colonising man" by yielding to the remonstrances of the United States with regard to Samoa with surprising promptitude. The German authorities at Samoa had declared a state of war against Mataafa, and had issued a proclamation by which foreigners established in Samoa were subjected to martial law. Prince Bismarck has now telegraphed rescinding this last decree, and has recalled Dr. Knappe, the German Consul, from his post, owing to his having gone beyond his instructions, and having demanded from Mataafa that the administration of the islands should be handed to him. In a despatch to Mr. Bayard, Prince Bismarck expressly characterises this demand as "not being in accordance with our previous promise regarding the neutrality and independence of Samoa," thus practically repudiating the rumoured intention of Germany to annex the islands. Prince Bismarck has also proposed that the Conference between Germany, England, and the United States on the whole question, which was held at Washington in 1887, should be continued at Berlin. The prospect of a speedy and amicable settlement is viewed with satisfaction both in Berlin and Washington, though the Americans, in view of future contingencies, have determined to establish a coaling station at Pagopago Bay, and are chartering vessels to convey large quantities of coal there without delay.

Prince Bismarck, however, shows no sign of going back in the East African question. The Bill for "the Protection of German interests" has now been promulgated, and Captain Wissmann starts for Zanzibar on Monday. A plan is on foot for subsidising a line of steamers between Germany and Africa, and it is evident that the Government will now leave no stone unturned to establish a firmer commercial footing in Africa. To turn to the blockaded coast itself, the terms demanded by Bushiri for the ransom of the captive missionaries are so exorbitant that negotiations have been temporarily abandoned by the Germans, though Père Etienne, the head of the French mission at Bagamoyo, is endeavouring to procure their release on purely missionary grounds. It is doubtful, however, whether he will succeed, as active hostilities continue between the Arabs and the Germans at Bagamoyo and Dar-es-Salam, and the mission, which has been established for forty years, is even contemplating an immediate withdrawal, as it is feared that the adult and children refugees within its walls will be seized by the Arabs as slaves. Notwithstanding their danger, however, the Sultan of Zanzibar has refused to despatch a steamer to their rescue, and, indeed, that potentate is stated to be much alarmed at the attitude of a large body of Wasiri Arabs who have recently arrived at Zanzibar, and who, on Monday, surrounded his palace, protesting against the blockading operations, and demanding his interference. The Sultan is taking evident pains to ingratiate himself with the Germans, has bestowed on the German Consul the Grand Cordon of the Order of the Brilliant Star of Zanzibar, and much alarm has been excited among the commercial community by the report that the Consul is urgently pressing the Sultan to cede to the German Company Lamu and the adjacent islands, where at present the trade is entirely in British hands. The blockade is being vigorously continued, but no further captures of slaves have been made. The British Naval

officer who brought into Zanzibar a French vessel, whose papers were in order, has been dismissed from his command, and a letter of apology has been sent to the French Consul. From the interior, news comes from Usambiro that many of the Christian pupils at Uganda have escaped, and have safely arrived at Mr. Mackay's. In Uganda there appears to be a temporary collapse of the Arab supremacy, the new King Kiwewa having declined to become a Mahomedan, and, having killed some of the principal Arabs who were concerned in the ill-treatment and expulsion of the missionaries. Another son of Mtesa, Kilema, was then put on the throne by the Arabs, but Kilema, making good his escape, is rallying all the chiefs disposed to Christianity, and a severe civil war is expected.

IN FRANCE, M. Floquet, having obtained a vote of confidence last week, is still at the head of affairs, the only change in his Cabinet being that of the Ministry of Justice, which is now occupied by M. Guyot Dessaigne, an "independent" Deputy, and as yet an untried politician. The Committee on the *Scrutin d'Arrondissement* Bill, which also prohibits a Deputy from putting up for more than one constituency, and abolishes bye-elections until the General Election is held, shows a slight majority in its favour, and the measure will undoubtedly be eventually passed—though for this the Government are naturally in no hurry, as, when it becomes law, it will be a question how long the Revision of the Constitution Bill, which cannot fail speedily to come before the Chamber, when it is feared that the debate will seal the fate of the Cabinet and the Chamber, and throw the country into the whirlpool of a general election. As for General Boulanger, he has not appeared in the Chamber, but has been ruralising at Royat, and keeping remarkably quiet. His partisans, however, are as active as ever, and a Boulangerist manifesto has been issued by his Radical section, headed by M. Naquet. This exhorts all good Republicans to spare France another revolution, and rally to the party headed by the "patriotic and Republican soldier." Portraits of the general are being distributed broadcast, and in the northern departments the likenesses bear a striking resemblance to Napoleon III., and it is vaguely hinted to the worthy Normans that in some mysterious way or other he is of Bonaparte kin. General Boulanger is said to be in much fear of being poisoned by his enemies, and to have taken a special cook with him to Royat, so that his food may not be tampered with. Politics apart, there is little news, the chief item being that the Panama Canal Company is now being officially wound up, the tribunals having appointed Mr. Joseph Brunet liquidator, with power to hand over to any new Company all or any portion of the old Panama Company's rights, together with the Canal works. M. de Lesseps at the last moment had endeavoured to raise a sum of 1,200,000*l.* so as to prevent any interruption of the works until the new Company was formed, but his appeal does not appear to have met with much response, and it is now a question whether he or M. Christophle, the Governor of the Credit Foncier, is to be the Chairman of the forthcoming "Completion Company," which will probably be financed by that Association on the basis that after certain interest on the new bonds has been paid, the remainder of the profits—if sufficient—will be handed over to the bondholders and shareholders of the old company.

IN INDIA some surprise has been caused by the Bombay Government not having made public the decision of the Crawford Commission, and it is generally believed that Mr. Crawford has been acquitted by the Commission of all the criminal charges. The self-convicted magistrates have, in the mean time, returned to their judicial duties fortified with the Government condonation—one magistrate who refused to give evidence being suspended without pay indefinitely. Some official disclosures have been made regarding the native press, and it has been ascertained that out of sixty-three newspapers established in 1885–6–7, twenty-four were edited by men dismissed from the Government service, or convicted of theft, breach of trust, or similar offences, or notorious for a loose character, or of unknown social status and limited education, or by school-boys or religious mendicants.—The Naga Expedition has returned, having duly punished the hostile chiefs.—There have been further raids on the Looshai frontier, where the tribes are preparing a stubborn resistance to the advance of our troops.—In AFGHANISTAN Gholam Hyder has gained a noteworthy victory over the Shinwarris at Ada Kheyl and Pekkah.

IN BURMA, Sawlapaw, the ruler of the Karenees, who has declined to comply with the British ultimatum, and surrender himself, has been deposed, and his nephew and heir apparent, Sawnee, has been installed in his place by Mr. Hildebrand. Sawnee has undertaken to pay a fine of three lakhs, and to surrender 500 serviceable percussion guns.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.—England and Germany are now not only credited with having a mutual agreement with regard to African affairs, but also with an arrangement for the protection of the North Sea similar to the reported Anglo-Italian alliance for the safe navigation and protection of the ports in the Mediterranean.—There has been a serious railway accident in BELGIUM, where, on Sunday, a train ran off the rails at Gronendael, between Brussels and Namur, and dashed itself against the pillar of a bridge. Fourteen persons were killed and some fifty injured, many of them seriously.—In BULGARIA a number of Zankoffists have been arrested for signing a letter to the Bulgarian Exarch in Constantinople requesting him to take steps for the defence of the Orthodox clergy in Bulgaria, the missive being pronounced to contain certain insulting expressions regarding the Prince.—At SUAKIN all is comparatively quiet, and Osman Digma has been ordered by the Mahdi to retire from Handoub to Tokar.—In the UNITED STATES the Senate has rejected the Extradition Treaty with Great Britain, and there seems little chance of better success for the Copyright Bill. President Cleveland has decided to reside in New York at the end of his Presidential term, and to become a member of a leading firm of lawyers.—In HAYTI both the English and French Governments have decided to recognise General Legitime as the new President.—In CANADA Principal Grant, of Queen's College, Kingston, has delivered an address urging Imperial Federation for England and her colonies.



THE QUEEN and the Empress Frederick have been taking their usual drives and walks at Osborne. On Sunday morning Her Majesty, the Empress Frederick, and the Royal Family attended Divine Service at Osborne House, where Canon Prothero officiated. On Monday, the Prince of Wales, who had been staying with the Queen since Saturday, left for London. The Queen, with Princess Beatrice and Princess Margaret of Prussia, visited Lady Ponsonby, and was joined by the Empress Victoria and her two sons, and was joined by the Empress Victoria and her two daughters. The Queen returns to Windsor next Friday, with the Empress Frederick and daughters, who leave for Germany a few days later. During her stay in London, at the end of the month, the Queen will inspect the Stuart Exhibition. The Empress has expressed a wish to become Vice-President of the British Nurses' Association, of which Princess Christian is President. The Court is in

mourning for a fortnight for the late Crown Prince of Austria. Half-mourning was begun on Thursday, as the fortnight expires next Thursday.

The Prince of Wales came up to town from Sandringham, on learning the death of the Crown Prince Rudolf, and went to the Austrian Embassy to offer his condolences. He then went to Osborne, returning to town on Monday. In the evening Princes Albert Victor and George of Wales arrived at Marlborough House, and on Tuesday the Prince, with his sons, and Prince Henry of Battenberg, was present at the Funeral Service in memory of the late Crown Prince Rudolf. The Prince rejoins the Princess and family at Sandringham for a short time until he leaves for the Riviera, and as he intends to remain absent about a month he will not be present at the first Drawing Room, on the 26th inst.—Prince George has left the Mediterranean Squadron for the Channel Squadron, where he has been appointed to the flagship *Northumberland*.

The Duke of Edinburgh formally relinquishes his command of the Mediterranean Squadron on March 15th, but will not be home before April 15th. On reaching Portsmouth the Duke will immediately study the plans of this year's naval operations, which he is to command, as they will be held earlier than usual. The Duke and his officers gave a grand farewell banquet, at Malta, on Saturday, and the Admiral and officers of the German Squadron. The Duke of Cambridge is now expected at Malta on his tour of inspection, coming from Gibraltar. The Duke spent a few days *incognito* at Madrid on his way, but owing to the Court mourning none of the State festivities arranged in his honour could take place.—Princess Louise has become an honorary member of the Anglo-Australian Society of Artists.—The King of the Netherlands is better.

Her Majesty has now sanctioned the wearing of high-necked dresses at Court for the benefit of delicate ladies who are compelled to attend Drawing Rooms and other Courtly functions in the bitter winds of a London spring. The following is the official description of the form of costume approved by Her Majesty:—No. 1. Bodice of silk, satin, or velvet, high and turned back in front with revers. High collar at back of neck, and small ruffle of lace inside, falling in a narrow V-shape down the front. It has also a flat folded *fichu* on either side which passes under a stomacher, such as was worn in the eighteenth century. Sleeves to the elbow, turned up with small cuffs, below which fall long drooping ruffles of lace. No. 2. Demi-toilette bodice of silk, velvet, or satin, cut round at back three-quarters in height. The front heart-shaped. Sleeves to elbow, with full deep ruffles of lace. Transparent sleeves may also be worn with this bodice. Trains, gloves, and feathers as usual.



"PICKWICK."—This amusing work, the music by Mr. Solomon, but which Mr. Burnand, its librettist, whimsically describes as a "dramatic cantata," was announced to be produced at the Comedy Theatre on Monday. It was, however, postponed until Thursday afternoon of the present week, and notice of the performance itself must consequently be reserved. A short account of its story, criticism apart, will nevertheless be interesting. Mr. Burnand, upon the slenderest possible reference to "the Baker" in Mrs. Sanders' evidence given at the trial of Bardell v. Pickwick, has partly invented, partly adapted a not by any means improbable, though more or less novel, plot. Mr. Pickwick it seems had on that fateful morning sent little Tommy Bardell to the Borough with a message, engaging as man-servant the notable Sam Weller. The founder of the Pickwick Club was consequently left alone with Mrs. Bardell in the famous house in Goswell Street. The widow is "discovered dusting," and she sings a melodious song, speculating upon who will be "her next," although there is no doubt she is really setting her cap at her elderly and highly-respectable lodger. Presently the voice is heard without of the family Baker, warbling his "Baker-roll," the music of which, however, has little or nothing in common with a veritable *barcarole*. The Baker, who is sadly given to punning, has designs matrimonial upon Mrs. Bardell, calling her "his gentle dough," and apostrophising her as "Oh, my loaf—I mean my love." Almost simultaneously with the Baker's appearance Mr. Pickwick is heard calling for his gaiters, and there is a mock solemnity in the ensuing trio, "Oh, ye gods and small white-baiters," which seems exceedingly amusing. The Baker has in his pocket a marriage licence in blank, and in the most business-like fashion he gives Mrs. Bardell half an hour to make up her mind whether she will accept his hand or not. The two rush out together as Mr. Pickwick enters to sing a series of songs, including one about the "Pickwick Portmanteau," another a sort of semi-topical ditty about "The Boy and the Borough," and a third describing the duties of a "Happy Valet." When Mrs. Bardell returns—she says she "returns to dust"—Mr. Pickwick delivers a capital ballad, in which he eulogises the free state of bachelorhood. He then takes Mrs. Bardell into counsel on the question whether Sam Weller's arrival will make much difference to the cost of housekeeping. Mrs. Bardell mistakes his allusions, and assures him that two can be kept almost as cheaply as one. Mr. Pickwick subsequently becomes more than usually playful. The two sing a "sympathetic duet" and a "Bardell Bolero" (which, however, is hardly a true bolero), and Mrs. Bardell faints in Mr. Pickwick's arms at the precise moment when the Baker comes back for his reply. The Baker sees the happy lady supported by Mr. Pickwick, and he demands no explanation. Gaily trollying forth his "Baker roll," he goes away to marry somebody else, as the curtain falls. Mr. Burnand hints that he may be tempted to complete the story on some future occasion.

"THE DREAM OF JUBAL."—Dr. Mackenzie's *Dream of Jubal* specially written for the Jubilee of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, was produced in Liverpool, under the composer's direction, on Tuesday. The work will be given three weeks hence in London. It may, however, now be said that, somewhat after the plan of Mendelssohn's *Athalie*, the mode consists of a series of recitations in Miltonian blank verse, declaimed by an elocutionist, and fully accompanied in the orchestra, the spoken lines being from time to time interspersed with songs and choruses. The story, which is from the pen of Mr. Bennett, is this. Jubal, the Father of Music, one day falls asleep, and in a dream are revealed to him the possibilities which his art may achieve in future ages. First, in a solemn "Gloria," music is associated with religious worship; then, in a soprano solo, with comfort to those in dire distress; and thirdly, in a triumphal March and Chorus, with the pomp of war and the glories of conquest. Again, in a tenor "Song of the Sickle" (the prettiest number of the whole work), the pastoral side of the art is depicted. Next, there is a Funeral March and Chorus, followed by a love duet, the whole ending with a majestic "Invocation to Music." So well diversified a scheme may be expected to give Dr. Mackenzie the opportunity for many striking and effective contrasts; but, as the "poem with music" will so speedily be heard in the metropolis, a fuller expression of opinion as to its merits may fairly be reserved.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—The concerts of the week have been numerous, but the various programmes have for the most part been formed of familiar compositions. — At the Popular Concerts

Hubert's Octet and Beethoven's Septet have been repeated, and Miss Fillinger, who sings German *lieder* very tastefully, has made her debut at these entertainments.—At the London Symphony concert, on Tuesday, Tschäikowsky's "Overture 1812," was once given, and Mr. Max Pauer played Beethoven's E flat Concerto. The concert has been performed at the Albert Hall in memory of the eightieth anniversary of Mendelssohn's birth, and in it Miss Julia Clifton, the actress, who was formerly a soprano student at the Royal Academy of Music, appeared as a contralto, singing "Woe into Them," with a small voice, but very charmingly.—At a Sunday afternoon concert—which must, of course, be exempt from criticism—Mr. Henschel's clever String Quartet in E flat, written when he was student under Kjek at Berlin, and was only twenty years of age, was performed. It was first heard in London, under the name of the Brompton Oratory, Mr. Thomas Wingham's new String Quartet in G minor was successfully produced.—The Ballad Concert (with Sullivan's music), Amateur and Orchestral, and other performances, need not be alluded to in detail.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Madame Patti's extra farewell concert will take place at the Albert Hall on the 28th inst.—Next Wednesday, Miss Geisler-Schubert, who is grand-niece of the great Franz Schubert, and a pupil of Madame Schumann, will make her London debut at a Schubert piano recital at Prince's Hall.—Mr. Augustus Harris is credited with the idea of giving at the Royal Italian Opera, this season, M. Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette* in the French language, the Italian version being a more or less indifferent one.—Madame Trebelli is better in health, but is suffering slightly from rheumatism, so that her *rentrée* is postponed.—It is said that a production of *Carmen* is to be produced at the Gaiety in the autumn.—Herr and Madame Grieg are expected in London the week after next to appear at several concerts.—The correspondence of Richard Wagner with Heine is about to be published in German by Messrs. Breitkopf und Härtel.



THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY and the Bishop of London have issued a joint protest, both on religious and secular grounds, against the Sunday publication of the daily London edition of the *New York Herald*.

THE NOMINATION OF A NEW BISHOP OF ST. ASAPH was referred, it is said, by the Premier to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who has, it is understood, placed the appointment in the hands of the Welsh Bishops.

THE BISHOP OF SALISBURY, after unveiling in St. Peter's Churchyard, Dorchester, a memorial statue of the late Rev. W. Barnes, the delightful Dorsetshire poet, delivered in the church an address, in which he said that Mr. Barnes wrote as the birds sang, because he could not help it. He was glad that Mr. Barnes was to be perpetually associated with the church, since behind all his work as a philologist, geologist, linguist, teacher, and poet, they could discern as it were the church-tower, as it now stood behind his statue.

THE REV. J. LLEWELYN DAVIES has been presented publicly with a purse of 1,000 guineas and two silver bowls, the gift of his parishioners and others (these including many persons of distinction and representatives of different religious denominations), on his vacating, in consequence of his transfer to another living, the Rectory of Christ Church, Marylebone. The Chairman of the meeting laid stress on the good Mr. Davies had done, not only in religious work, but on the Board of Guardians, as a member of the Vestry, as one of the founders of the Working Men's College and of the London School Board, and, when a member of King's College, for the higher education of women.

THE RESULT OF THE APPEAL made by the Incumbent of St. Mary-le-Strand, and more than once referred to in this column, for £300,000 to testow essential repairs on Gibbs's fine structure having proved inadequate, he ascribes the fact to a report that the church will be eventually removed, as an obstruction to traffic in the Strand. In a letter to the *Times*, he denies the substantial existence of any such "Vandal project," and combats, in some detail, the assertion that his church is, to any serious extent, an obstruction to traffic.

THE AGREEMENT with the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for the purchase of the site for the Church House has been signed. But the total amount raised hitherto is only £8,150; and this sum, though more than enough to meet all present liabilities, is not enough for the erection of new buildings.

HANMER CHURCH, the finest specimen of Gothic architecture in Flintshire, the pulpit of which—a fine specimen of carved oak—bore the date 1465, was destroyed by an accidental fire on Sunday night. Canon Lee, the Vicar, at the imminent risk of his life, rushed through the suffocating smoke, and succeeded in carrying away from the vestry the parish registers.

AMONG THE IMPROVEMENTS power to effect which is to be given to the London County Council by a Bill which has originated with the Metropolitan Board of Works, is the acquisition for public recreation of the disused burial-ground adjoining Whitfield's Tabernacle in Tottenham Court Road.



THE TURF.—Mr. Heasman was in Fortune's good looks at the Kempton Park meeting last week. His St. Dominic won the Hurdle Handicap on the first day from a good field, and on the Saturday he scored again with Prince Frederick in the Hanworth Park Hurdle Race. The notorious Success improved upon his last better form by beating ten competitors in the Staines Handicap Hurdle Race, and his owner, Mr. C. Hibbert, scored another event with Spot. Such well-known performers as Merry Maiden and Meerschaum were among the other winners, and the land of Scott and Burns was ably represented by Scottish Minstrel and Scotch Music, who, curiously enough, were both successful on Friday afternoon.—At Leicester, on Tuesday, Success followed up his Kempton victory by a win in the Quorn Open Hurdle Race Plate; Merry Maiden scored the Leicestershire Handicap Steeplechase Plate; and the Fair and Knutsford were among the other winners. The last-named scored again next day in a Selling Hunters' Flat Race, and St. Dominic, in spite of his 12 lb. penalty, carried off the well-known jockey, died on Wednesday, aged forty-three. He won the Derby and St. Leger on Blair Athol, and the Oaks on Butterfly.

FOOTBALL.—The Southern clubs fared badly in the first round of the Association Cup Competition, decided on Saturday. Old

Cartusians succumbed to Wolverhampton Wanderers, scoring three goals to four; Burnley beat Old Westminsters by a similar margin; and Notts County defeated Old Brightonians. However, Chatham, on their own ground, preserved their unbeaten record against South Shore, and the Swifts at the Oval were too good for Wrexham. Among the others who pulled through were West Bromwich Albion (holders), Preston North End, and Aston Villa, while Accrington and Blackburn Rovers played a draw. In the next round the Swifts will have to journey to Lancashire to meet the winner of the last-mentioned tie, and good matches should also result from the meeting of West Bromwich Albion with Burnley, and of Aston Villa with Derby County, but Preston North End should have an easy task with Grimsby Town.—In the London Charity Cup, Old St. Paul's beat Old Etonians at the third time of asking. Cambridge University scored easy victories over Old Harrovians and Corinthians.—The second meeting under Rugby Rules between North and South this season took place on Saturday at Bradford, when the Northerners won by three goals to nothing. Lockwood, one of the winners' three-quarters, had been married that morning. That was real enthusiasm!—The New Zealanders have continued to have it all their own way. Devonshire, Gloucestershire, the Midland Counties, and Blackheath are their latest victims.—Oxford University have beaten Surrey, London Welsh, and Victoria University. The last-mentioned also succumbed to Cambridge, who have beaten East Sheen and Kensington as well.—A Rugby game has been played in Asia Minor, and among the players was a Turk, one Osman Effendi. This, we should imagine, is an unprecedented performance.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The practice of the rival Blues has been very desultory of late, owing to accident and illness. Mr. Muttelbury has been unable to row owing to a sprained thigh, and may not be able to appear for the Light Blues at Putney; and the Dark Blues seem unable to decide upon their crew.—Mr. Hedley, the well-known judge, has had a bad fall from his horse, but is recovering. Colonel North has gone to South America. That is all the courting news of importance.—As to billiards, Roberts has offered to give any man in the world 6,000 out of 18,000, spot-barred; and to give Peall or North 10,000 out of 20,000, provided that he is laid two to one. No takers at present.—Our cricketers at the Cape have been doing much better of late. Thanks to Abel (78 not out) and Hearne (46 not out), they beat Twenty-two of Johannesburg by ten wickets; and they also defeated Fifteen of the Transvaal by an innings and 42 runs, Abel again being chief scorer with 114.



THE PARNELLISM AND CRIME COMMISSION.—A decided interest attached to the proceedings before the Commission on Tuesday this week, when the Attorney-General opened the American part of the case. The whole of the day was spent in the examination of Major Le Caron, an Englishman, whose real name is Beach, who has resided since 1861 in the United States, and has been intimately connected with the American "United Brotherhood," better known as the "Clan-na-Gael," the avowed object of which is the establishment of an independent Irish Republic, according to the witness, through an insurrection in Ireland. The something analogous organisation in Ireland itself, he describes to be the Irish Republican Brotherhood, and the heads of both, though encouraging and financially supporting the Land League, were represented by Major Le Caron, as being latterly dissatisfied with what they regarded as the too timid tactics of Mr. Parnell. The most important and most interesting portion of the witness's evidence was that in which he gave the substance of conversations which he alleged he had with Mr. Parnell, when he was visiting London in 1881. Mr. Parnell's aim in these conversations he described to be, to impress on him the necessity for a good understanding between the revolutionary and physical force organisations and himself. "There is no misunderstanding. We are working for a common purpose—for the independence of Ireland just as you are doing; for I have long since ceased to believe that anything but force of arms will bring about the independence of Ireland." And subsequently "he," Mr. Parnell told me that he did not see any reason why, when we were prepared to send money and men who were armed and organised, a successful insurrectionary movement should not be inaugurated in Ireland. He said they would soon have in the Land League treasury 100,000, which would form a pretty good nucleus. He added, "You fellows ought to do as well as that." He then entered slightly into the question of time, and also slightly into the question of the number of men, and the amount of money that would be required.—The examination of this witness was resumed on Wednesday, when he gave a striking description of projects which, he said, were mooted at the Conventions of the American Brotherhood, when a "dynamite policy" had been adopted, one of them being for the rescue of Michael Davitt, then in gaol in England.—In the Court of Session, Edinburgh, on Tuesday, Mr. Parnell's action for libel against the *Times* was dismissed with costs, Lord Kinnear holding that Mr. Parnell was not entitled to proceed against the *Times* in a Scotch Court of Law. An appeal to the First Division of the Court of Session was lodged forthwith, and has been referred to the summer roll.

THE NECESSITY FOR A CAREFUL REVISION OF Parliamentary Bills before the Royal assent converts them into Acts of Parliament, has been seldom more conspicuously shown than in a case before the Court of Appeal, whose opinion was asked by a Divisional Court, because they found the Section of the County Courts' Act which should have governed their decision, to be unintelligible. After judgment had been given, the Master of the Rolls expressed himself emphatically thus:—"The Legislature had enacted that any person who has a claim founded on contract exceeding 50s., but not exceeding 100s., must bring it in the High Court, and thereupon the Judge at Chambers must, unless in exceptional cases, send it to the County Court. Anything more absurd it is impossible to imagine."

A MISS GRAHAM, since deceased, succeeded in procuring 5,000s. as the result of a compromise in an action brought by her for breach of promise of marriage. She then insisted on presenting 1,000s. to the head of the firm of solicitors who had acted for her. She fell subsequently into difficulties; and when, after his professional connection with her had ceased, she applied in person to him for a loan of 10s., he told her—such was his statement—that she was legally entitled to claim from him 1,000s. (a gift of the kind from client to solicitor being illegal). He further stated that she declined to claim that sum, and said that she would abide by what she had done. Miss Graham's executors having sued the firm for a restitution of the 1,000s. as a gift legally void, Mr. Justice Kekewich gave judgment for the plaintiffs. This decision has been upheld by the Court of Appeal. The Court, without imputing anything like falsehood to the solicitor, were not satisfied that Miss Graham had confirmed the gift after the relation of client and solicitor between them had ceased.

A JEW MONEY-LENDER at Worcester has been committed for trial at the Assizes in that town on a charge of procuring, under false pretences, the signature to a note. He has sued many persons in Worcester in the course of business, and was once convicted of fraud. On the ground that thus a strong prejudice against him existed there, and that he would have small chance of acquittal at the hands of a Worcester jury, an application, supported by an affidavit from persons in the town, was made to the Queen's Bench Division for a removal of his case to the Central Criminal Court. The application was rejected, Lord Coleridge remarking that if it were acceded to, any one who did not like to be tried where he was known would be able to remove his case, which would be very inconvenient.



THE "Théâtre Libre," in Paris, whose representatives have made this week their first appearance in this country at the ROYALTY Theatre, is not a theatre, but rather a repertory of plays to which new additions are made from time to time. It has no local habitation, though it contrives now and then to secure possession for a night of the little playhouse known as the "Menus-Plaisirs," there to represent certain productions which are supposed to exemplify a craving for greater freedom on the part of the rising generation of French playwrights than Parisian managers and critics are as yet willing to concede to them. They are nothing if not realistic, and their notions of what may be permitted in the way of holding the mirror up to nature are, to put the case mildly, not in the least degree timed or restrained. No great offence, however, could possibly be given by the two pieces, respectively entitled *Jacques Damour* and *La Mort du Duc d'Enghien*, in which the company appeared on Monday. The former may be described as a new version of "Enoch Arden," with the romance of the situation resolutely shut out; the rough Commundar, who returns from New Caledonia to find his wife comfortably married to a well-to-do butcher, being represented as perfectly content to resign her to her new mate, and even to drink a parting glass at the latter's expense, which obliging and considerate conduct at the worthy butcher acknowledges in handsome and effusive fashion. The second piece is not a play so much as an historical episode set forth in three tableaux, which the spectator is at liberty to call acts, if he is so disposed. The dialogue was decidedly diffuse; but the final incident of the leading forth of the Duke to his doom, and the listening of the Princess de Rohan to the sounds and movements without, which reveal to her the terrible scene that is enacting in the fosse of the Château below, roused the somewhat flagging interest of the audience, and was felt to be genuinely dramatic. The acting of the company did not exhibit any trace of the daring unconventionalism which might have been expected. If M. Antoine's object was to divest M. Henequin's hero—or rather M. Zola's—for Jacques Damour is based on a story by this writer—of anything like poetry or sentiment, it must be confessed that he thoroughly succeeded; nor did his impersonation of the unhappy victim of Napoleon's cunning and unscrupulousness tend to exalt the character in the spectator's eyes. But the actor was manifestly suffering from a severe cold, which could hardly fail to do injury to his performance. Madlle. Dorsy, in the character of the Princess, showed herself to be a refined and graceful actress. On Wednesday afternoon, a special performance of these pieces was given, to which Mr. Mayer invited the dramatic profession.

Mrs. John Wood's arrangement with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will come into effect next month, when these popular performers will appear at the COURT Theatre, preparatory to their departure for America. The engagement will extend to nearly three months. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will produce Mr. Pinero's drama, *The Weaker Sex*, originally brought out in Manchester last year; besides Mr. Sydney Grundy's *White Lie*, which has already been played at Nottingham, together probably with a new play by Mrs. Campbell Praed.

Mr. Mansfield is reported to be determined to make the utmost that can be made of the rather limited space at his command at the GLOBE Theatre, in order to give due effect to the forthcoming revival of *King Richard III.* Messrs. Telbin, Bruce Smith, and other coadjutors are hard at work in painting the scenes, and Mr. Seymour Lucas, A.R.A., has undertaken to supervise the preparations in general from an artistic point of view. Lastly, Mr. Egerton Castle and Mr. W. H. Pollock, who is specially learned in all that concerns arms and their use, are looking to the battle-scenes and the archaeological and military details in general. Mr. Mansfield, who is now recruiting his strength at the seaside, counts on bringing out this revival early next month.

THE HAYMARKET and the GLOBE Theatre change their bills this evening. At the former house, *The Merry Wives of Windsor* take the place of *Captain Swift*; at the latter, *The School for Scandal*, with Miss Kate Vaughan as Lady Teazle and Mr. Lionel Brough as Moses, will succeed to *She Stoops to Conquer*.

Some particulars of Messrs. Hall Caine and Wilson Barrett's new play in preparation at the PRINCESS's have been divulged. *Good Old Times* (so-called after a Colonial expression referring to bygone days in the Australian colonies) is a romantic drama of which the scene is partly in Cumberland and partly in Australia. A prominent scene will represent a revolt at a convict penal settlement.

Mr. Hare being pre-occupied with the arrangements of the new GARRICK Theatre, which is shortly to be opened under his management, has relinquished his part in *Mamma*. He is succeeded by Mr. Charles Groves.

Mr. Sydney Grundy's new play, entitled *A Fool's Paradise*, to be produced by Miss Kate Rorke at a *matinée* at the GAIETY next Tuesday, is new only to the English stage. It was brought out in New York in the autumn of 1887, under the title of *The Mouse Trap*, which name seems to have been adopted from Hamlet's allusion to the play by which he hoped to catch the conscience of the King.

An accident, which might have been serious, recently happened during the performance of *Alice in Wonderland* at the GLOBE. Miss Isa Bowman, aged thirteen, who plays Alice (she is sister to Miss Nelly Bowman, who plays in *Editha's Burglar*), came too close to the executioner in the scene where he was swinging his axe, and received a wound on the temple. Although it bled profusely, she fainted away, she went on the stage again as soon as she rallied, and played her part to the end. Stage axes should have edges of felt, and be made of pasteboard, instead of wood or tin.

The sixteenth annual dramatic performance (in aid of the Company Fund) of the I (Major Payne's) Company of the Queen's Westminster Volunteers will take place at St. George's Hall, on Thursday, February 14th, when will be produced the late Tom Taylor's drama, in three acts, *The Serf*, preceded by the musical farce of *The Waterman*. Tickets may be had of Armourer-Sergeant Guns, 31, Haymarket, S.W., or of Quartermaster-Sergeant St. Leger, 75, Fernlea Road, S.W.



Loving Cup



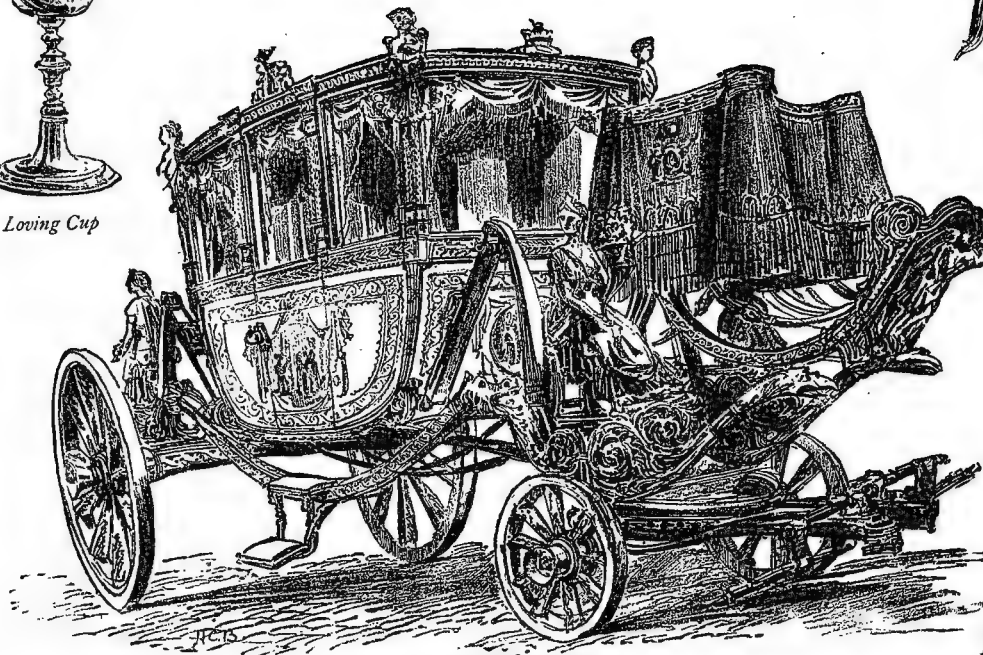
Loving Cup



Top of Mace



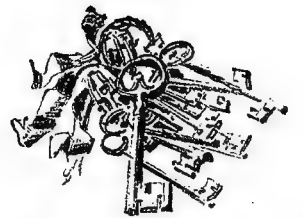
Lord Mayor's Mace



Lord Mayor's State Carriage
Painted by Sir Peter Lely



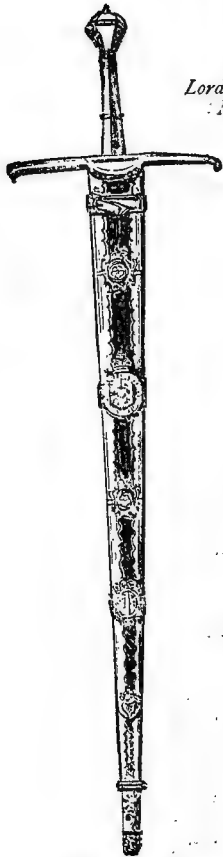
Spear and Axe
formerly used by
the City Guard



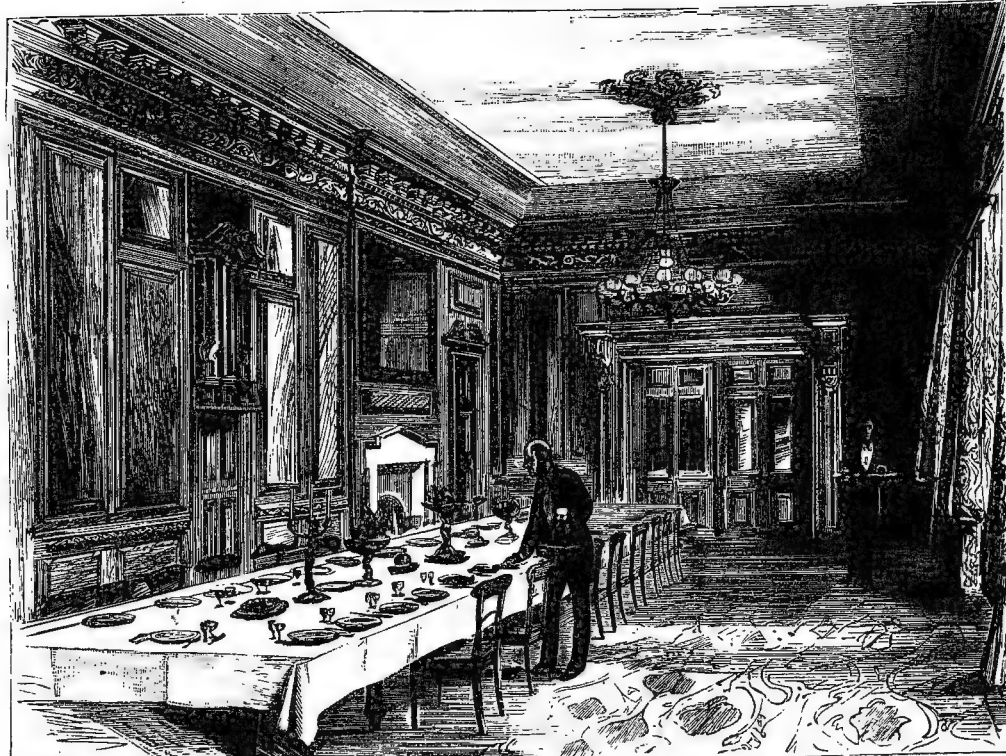
Keys of the old
City Gate



State Collar of the Lord Mayor



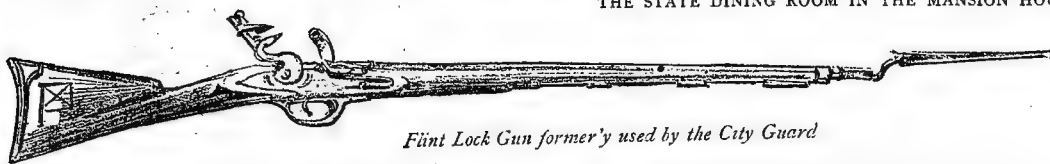
State Sword of the
City of Dublin



THE STATE DINING ROOM IN THE MANSION HOUSE



State Mace
of the City
of Dublin

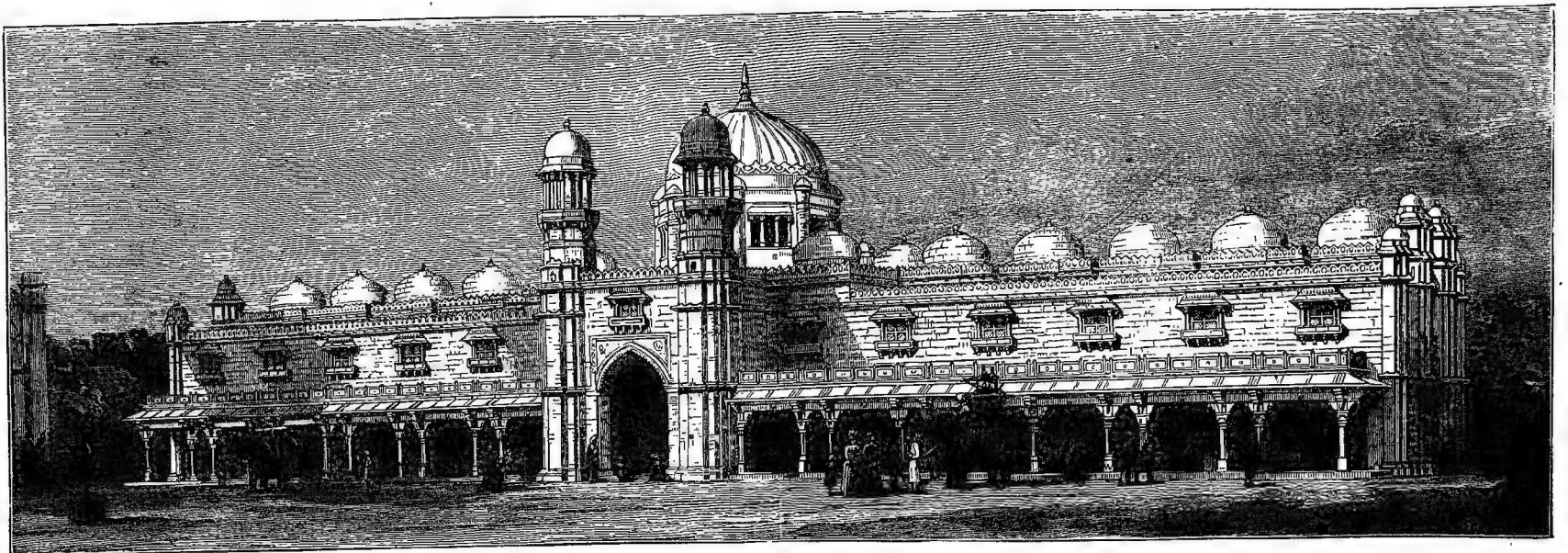


Flint Lock Gun former'y used by the City Guard

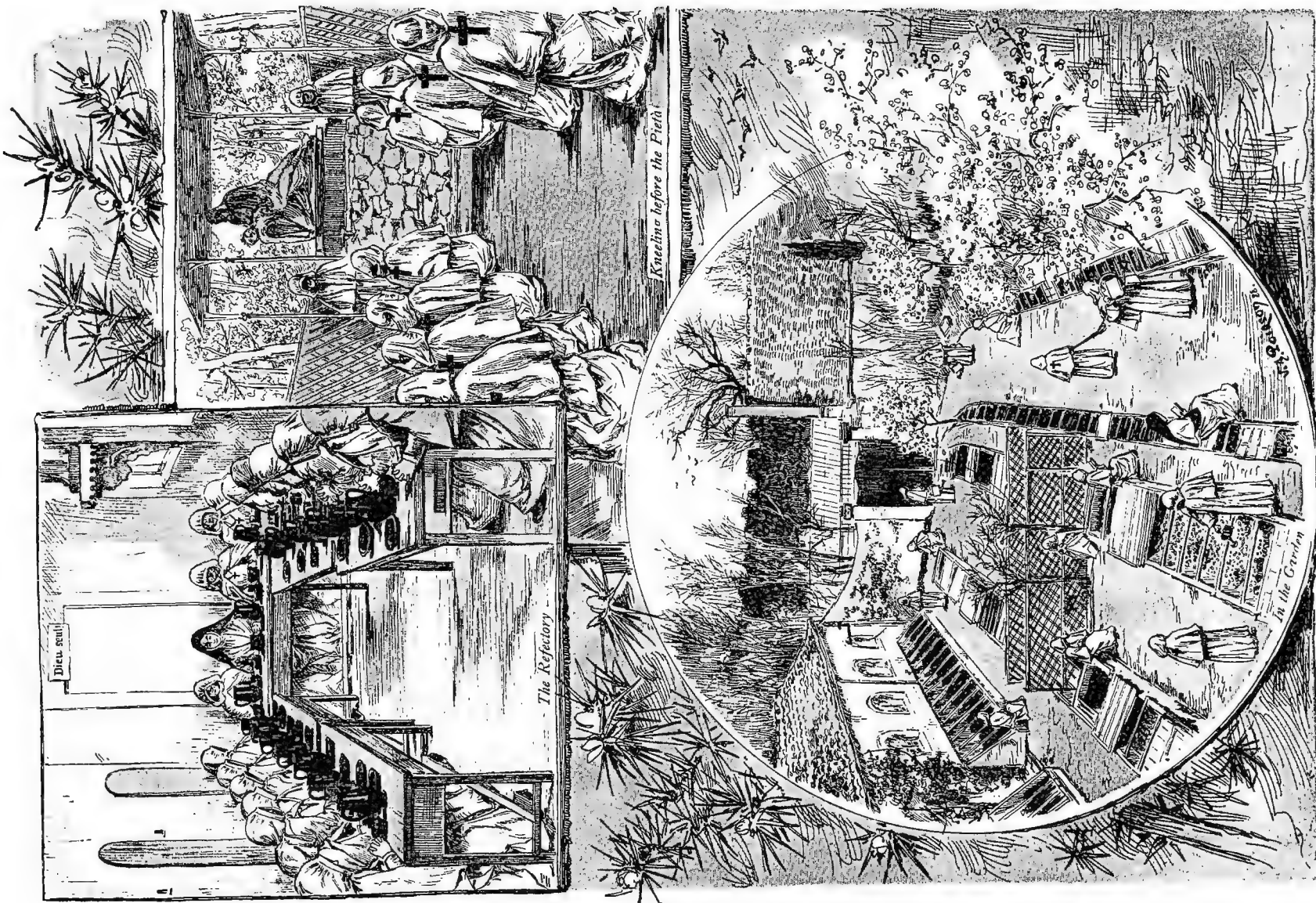


Sword carried by William of Orange
in the Battle of the Boyne

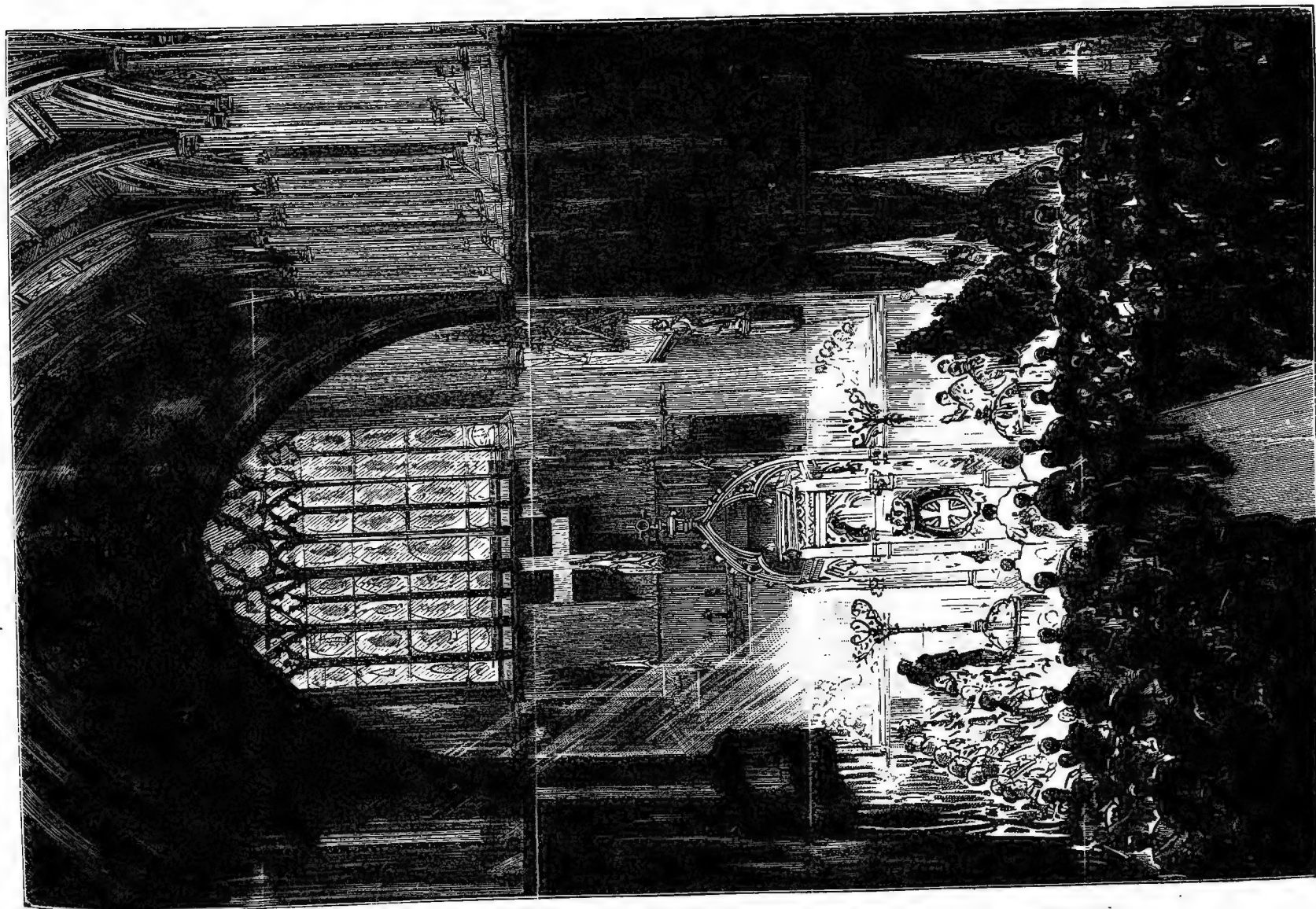
THE CIVIC ARMS, INSIGNIA AND STATE CARRIAGE OF THE LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN



THE INDIAN BAZAAR AND TEA-PAVILION AT THE PARIS INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION



NOTES AT THE CONVENT OF THE BERNARDINES OR SILENT SISTERS, AT ANGLET, NEAR BAYONNE



REQUIEM MASS FOR THE LATE ARCHDUKE RUDOLF OF AUSTRIA, IN THE CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, FARM STREET, LONDON



RURAL NOTES

THE SEASON.—We must go back just a dozen years before we find a season which is at all closely parallel to the present. The winter of 1876 was mild, and the autumn-sown grain got a good start, which a mild and showery January developed into forwardness. February was also rainy and mild. Then came three coldness. March, April, and May. The last-named month was generally conceded to have "done for" the wheat crop, which proved deficient in bulk, and was also of a singularly bad colour—*absit omen!* With respect to the existing outlook it would be impossible to see more even and promising fields of winter wheat and rye, and more strong and vigorously grown winter tares. The threshings which have been going on actively all through January have, however, given but a poor yield, and the quality of the new barley, in especial, is so disappointing, that average prices are four shillings lower from a year ago. Wheat in Lincolnshire is selling at from 28s. to 30s. per quarter, and the oats are only fetching 16s. to 17s. in the same county. North of the Tweed they realise about 20s. per quarter, but even this is by no means a good price. Live stock all through the winter have been healthy, and a good beginning of the lambing season has to be recorded. The abundance of the lambing season realised for both mutton and beef cause keep and the fair prices realised for both mutton and beef cause stock farmers to have the better of their brothers who mainly trust to the cereal crops. Turnip feed is very cheap in England just now, and grass-land farmers are sending out their sheep on very favourable terms, but the growers of turnips have not made a good thing of their venture.

MR. EVERSHED writes that there is an exceptionally good demand for beer, information which need not alarm the teetotalers as it is possibly at the expense of spirits, which are more in request when frosty weather suggests to the unconverted mind the desirability of "something hot." Duty for 1888 was paid on 29,500,000 barrels of beer, in the making of which 700,000 cwt. of hops were employed. If the consumption of beer in 1889 should surpass thirty million barrels we shall not want less hops, and ought to want more. But whence are they to come? It is said that 200,000 cwt. are needed from abroad, and that unless prices rise very materially they will not be forthcoming. The awkward suggestion which the sceptical mind will apply to these expert opinions is very simple. Suppose the 200,000 cwt. of hops are not secured, does anybody really believe that our beer will go without flavouring? And if hops are not used, what articles will replace the Kentish vine?

MR. JAMES HOWARD was far from presenting the appearance of Mr. Thomas Duckham, of whom Lord Beaconsfield remarked that he had heard much of agricultural depression, but had never seen it till he met the hon. member for Hertfordshire. Yet Mr. James Howard, whose strangely sudden death we have all been recently deploring, was in one way the most noteworthy of witnesses to the change which has come over English farming in the Victorian era. His gigantic manufactory of agricultural implements grew directly out of the imperative need for labour-saving machinery if farming was to spell anything but ruin. The imperative call to save on the labour bill arose from the drain of the population into the towns, and the consequent rise of wages in the rural districts. And the drain of population into the towns took away the preponderance of political power from the rural interest, and brought in competition in its present overwhelming form, though unrestricted free trade.

THE FRUIT-GROWING AREA OF GREAT BRITAIN has in 1888 been for the first time ascertained with anything approaching to accuracy. The orchard acreage has long been known; but gooseberries, strawberries, currants, and raspberries have been regarded as unworthy of separate classification. We now know, however, that in 32,776 acres in England, 532 acres in Wales, and 3,416 acres in Scotland are cultivated in this manner. The English home counties are the great centre of the cultivation of strawberries, Hampshire and Kent being the chief regions. Kent also grows a great quantity of raspberries, which flourish very well on the high, chalky lands. Gooseberries and currants are more widely cultivated than the other minor fruits. The Scottish acreage is good, considering the climate; and while we fear there was a curious fallacy lurking somewhere in the mind of a friend who guessed the centre of this cultivation as Dundee, we must ourselves own to surprise at 1,343 acres of fruit-land being found in the vicinity of Glasgow. Are the Glaswegians especially fond of strawberries? Near Edinburgh only 178 acres of fruit-land are to be found; and yet the Midlothian climate is drier.

PEASANT FARMING can scarcely be reckoned a success in Italy. Mr. Beauclerk has well employed some of that ample leisure which the minor posts of the diplomatic service provide, in studying the economic conditions of rural Italy, and his discoveries of the small mean yield of peasant-farmed land are very surprising. The farmer of Italy enjoys better weather conditions than the Frenchman, who, in turn, enjoys better chances in this respect than the English agriculturist. The subdivision of the land, and the peasant character of the farmer, is greatest in Italy, least in England. Taking these two facts together, and adding to them the returns of the mean yield of wheat in the three countries, we are forced to a conclusion which is most damaging to the system some reformers would introduce on our own shores. In England the average is 30 bushels, in France 17 bushels, and in Italy 12 bushels of wheat to the acre. One of the natural results of this poor production is poor living. Venetia is far from being the most backward part of Italy, yet here even the food is spoken of by Mr. Beauclerk as being habitually poor and insufficient, consisting chiefly of maize polenta. Wine, which seems God's peculiar gift to the Latin countries, is only a holiday drink, and then half-a-pint is a limit. Meat is eaten very rarely, even in winter. Wages range from 12s. to 18s. a year; this extreme depression of the labour market is probably due to almost every family having to do all their own work—being, in fact, true peasant farmers. Yet there still are a few favoured spots in Italy where the land is worth over 300s. an acre.



II.

THE Review-article of the month is, perhaps, that which opens the *Contemporary*, and is entitled "The Bismarck Dynasty." Unsigned as it is, it bears evident marks of inspiration from quarters intimately acquainted for many years past with the intrigues of the German Court. The writer declares that the dominating idea of the Prince is to secure the succession to the Chancellorship of the Empire to Count Herbert. Count Herbert receives no mercy in this paper. Nor does William II. fare much better. Of the Emperor Frederick the writer observes, "He was no self-seeker," and then goes on:—"A double measure of this evil spirit seemed to have descended upon his son. Eager for his own advancement, grudging the recognition of others' services, the young Prince, an apt pupil of a cynical master, found no difficulty, moral or sentimental, in treat-

ing his mother in a fashion after Herbert Bismarck's own heart. So little did he care for the feelings of others, that he treated the Prince of Wales with such discourtesy as to render it difficult for his Royal Highness to meet his nephew. . . . Count Herbert, his Royal Highness in the brusque brutality of his manner, forced the Prince to take the extreme step of breaking off all relations with those who received the Count as a friend." As an indictment, ably and powerfully put, of Bismarckian methods and manners, this article is eminently worth reading.—"A Cask of Honey with a Spoonful of Tar," is Madame de Novikoff's definition of Mr. Stead's book on Russia. She is pleased with everything in it, except his treatment of the Greek Orthodox Church, and his patronage of the Pashkoffzy.

Professor Huxley contributes a slashing controversial paper, "Agnosticism" to the *Nineteenth Century*. He begins with the observations of the Principal of King's College at the Church Congress at Manchester, and finishes with an onslaught on Mr. Frederic Harrison. Professor Huxley has too much respect for the humanity of the future to believe that Positivism, for the incongruous mixture of bad science which he calls "the incongruous mixture of bad science with eviscerated Papistry," will be the heir of the Christian ideal of humanity which mankind have yet worshipped, it is little likely to permit the pitiful reality to climb into the vacant shrine.—Mr. Knowles hit upon a happy idea when he induced notable men to write for him on "Noticeable Books;" at least it is sure of a temporary success. He invited a certain number of his friends to send him from time to time in the shape of letters to himself remarks—in the familiar and conversational style—upon any books which in the ordinary and natural course of their reading might strike them as being worth special attention. So we have Mr. Gladstone on Miss Margaret Lee's "Faithful and Unfaithful."—A serious prose-poem, in which spiritual analogies are drawn from the succession of the seasons, and from nature, "To A Friend," is by the King of Norway and Sweden, and closes the Review. With a reigning monarch secured as a contributor, Mr. Knowles might well sit down and weep like Alexander.

It would be well if every Englishman could read in the *Fortnightly* the article by the Archdeacon of Magila, Usambara, on "England and Germany in East Africa," in which we are told on "unimpeachable authority how British subjects in East Africa are witnessing the destruction of all their interests; commercial men and traders are watching the ruin of their commerce, while missionaries see their civilising work rendered abortive."—Mrs. Lynn Linton gives us the first part of a series on "The Characteristics of Englishwomen." In this number she confines herself to termagants. She draws largely on very ordinary English history, and is, perhaps, not quite so incisively amusing as usual.—Colonel Maurice, replying to "An Indian Officer" on "Our True Policy in India," makes this observation:—"The French army has of late been rapidly improving in all respects. There are not a few good judges, who by no means thought so two years ago, who begin to think it doubtful if the French is not the most formidable army in Europe."

The *National Review* is not a very noticeable number. It is opened by Viscount Cranborne on "The Value of Voluntary Schools." His idea is, that if the Voluntary Schools are really in danger, if they are worth preserving, and a reasonable method can be found, we should look to the dangers of the social questions that are before us, and, considering the temptations of educated poverty, not surrender one of the outworks of religion and morality, merely because we have not realised its value, or agreed upon the means for its defence.—Viscount Ebrington concludes the Review with a fairly sensible paper on "The Housing of the Poor."

THE LOUIS VELVETEEN

Every yard bears the name "LOUIS," and the wear of every yard, from the cheapest quality to the best, is guaranteed. Ladies should write for Samples of the New Shades to THOS. WALLIS and CO., Holborn Circus, London, E.C., who supply all shades and all qualities at most moderate prices.

DR. DE JONGH'S
KNIGHT OF THE ORDER OF LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM
KNIGHT OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR

LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL

Incontestably proved by Thirty Years' Universal Medical Experience to be THE PUREST, THE MOST PALATABLE, AND THE MOST EFFICACIOUS IN CONSUMPTION, THROAT AFFECTIONS, AND DEBILITY AT ALL AGES.

SELECT MEDICAL OPINIONS.

SIR HENRY MARSH, Bart., M.D.,
Physician to the Queen in Ireland.

"I consider Dr. De Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil to be a very pure Oil, not likely to create disgust, and a therapeutic agent of great value."

DR. EDGAR SHEPPARD,

Professor of Psycholog. Med., King's College.

"Dr. De Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil has the rare excellence of being well borne and assimilated by stomachs which reject the ordinary Oils."

SIR G. DUNCAN GIBB, Bart., M.D.,
Physician to the Westminster Hospital.

"The value of Dr. De Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil as a therapeutic agent in a number of diseases, chiefly of an exhaustive character, has been admitted by the world of medicine."

DR. SINCLAIR COGHILL,

Phys. Hosp. for Consumption, Ventnor.

"In Tubercular and the various forms of Strumous Disease, Dr. De Jongh's Light-Brown Oil possesses greater therapeutic efficacy than any other Cod Liver Oil with which I am acquainted."

Sold ONLY in Capsuled IMPERIAL Half-pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 9d.; Quarts, 9s., by all Chemists and Druggists.

SOLE CONSIGNERS—

ANSAR, HARFORD & CO., 210, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

CAUTION.—Resist mercenary attempts to recommend or substitute inferior kinds.

THE BEST MATERIAL FOR NOTE PAPER

—THE ANCIENT WRITING PAPER OF THE PRIESTS

—Hard and Smooth Surface, delightful to write upon. For Private Correspondence 5 quires, Note size, 1s. Court Envelopes, 1s. per 100.

—Thin, for Foreign Correspondence, ruled, 5 quires, 1s.

—For Sermons. Ruled or Plain, 5 quires, 1s. 6d. Each Sheet bears the Water-mark, "Hieratica."

—Reject Imitations. Of all Stationers. Insist on having "Hieratica;" or send stamps to HIERATICA WORKS, 68, Upper Thames St., London, E.C. Samples Free. Parcels Carriage Paid.

HIERATICA
HIERATICA
HIERATICA
HIERATICA
HIERATICA
HIERATICA

WHAT to GIVE for a PRESENT?

—Few Art manufactures offer such a large selection of articles combining novelty and beauty with lasting use as CHINA and GLASS, and fewer will give so much for so little! Special list on application.—ALFRED B. PEARCE, 59, Ludgate Hill (Established 1766)

WANTED TO PURCHASE—

Original Designs of all kinds for Christmas Cards. They must not exceed 6 in. by 4 in. in size. Stamps for their return must be sent. R. C. MACKAY, Northside, Leigh Woods, BRISTOL.



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

MOURNING.—In reply to many inquiries, we recommend the MAISON JAY'S. This house, long established, makes mourning a speciality, and is excelled by no other house in London or Paris for the beauty of the work, the quality of the materials, or the style of manufacture.

JAY'S.

MOURNING ORDERS in the COUNTRY.—Messrs. JAY'S experienced assistants travel to any part of the kingdom, free of expense to purchasers. They take with them DRESSES and MILLINERY, besides patterns of materials, all marked in plain figures and at the same price as if purchased at the warehouse. Reasonable estimates are also given for Household Mourning.

JAY'S, REGENT STREET, LONDON.

EUCALYPTERA.



CURE FOR HEADACHE, SLEEPLESSNESS, &c.

PRICE 2s. 9d.

BARCLAY and SONS,

95, FARRINGTON STREET, E.C.

GOLD MINES.

The number of ounces of pure metal which can be obtained from a ton of ore is the only true criterion of the value of a gold mine. Some mines yield two or three ounces to the ton, others from eight to ten ounces. It is not the rubbish that is coveted, but the gold—the pure gold—the refuse is worthless. So with Tea. Tons and tons of rubbish are yearly imported; but no real Tea extract can be got from it. Again, much fine Tea is imported, composed of young and vigorous leaves, abounding in Tea essence. It is in these last that

COOPER COOPER AND CO.

have an interest, in which they invite the British public to share. They have made it their business to secure this class of tea for their customers, and they can confidently say that One Pound will yield more genuine Tea extract than twice the quantity of inferior Tea; not only twice the quantity, but twice the quality.

COOPER COOPER & CO., LONDON AND BRIGHTON.

Chief Office: 50, KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C.

Samples and Price List Post Free on application.

NOVELTIES IN JEWELLERY.



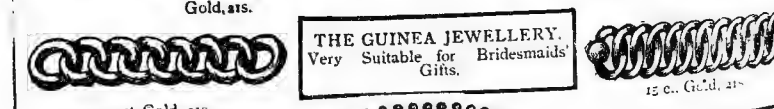
Gold, 21s.

Gold, 21s.



Gold, 21s.

Gold, 21s.



15 ct. Gold, 21s.

15 ct. Gold, 21s.



ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF NOVELTIES POST FREE

THE GUINEA JEWELLERY.
Very Suitable for Bridesmaids' Gifts.

OLD GOLD AND SILVER TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.



18 ct. Gold and Real Stones. Pearls Pearls and Corals, Rubies or Sapphires, &c.

18 ct. Gold and Real Stones. Pearls Pearls and Corals, Rubies or Sapphires, &c.

GODWIN AND SON, 304, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON (Immediately opposite First Avenue Hotel). Estab'd. 1860

THE SAVOY GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS.

THE SOWER.
J. F. MILLER.
WELCOME FOOTSTEPS.
L. ALMA TADEMA.
FANNY KEMBLE.
S. F. THOS. LAWRENCE.
MARCIA.
S. F. RAEBURN.
ISABEL.
S. F. RAEBURN.
IN DISGRACE.
HURTON BARBER.
THE THREE GRACES.
DAVID LOW.
THE VILLAGE WEDDING.
LUKE FILDES.
THE OLD OAK.
H. ZUBER.
THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT
ENGRAVINGS in LONDON in STOCK.

GEO. REES,
115, Strand (Corner of Savoy Street).

SMOKERS, don't buy Pipes before
SEEING the "MEDICAL PATENT" Illus-
trated patent pipes post free.—Address "Patentee," 52,
Coburn Hill, Bristol.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING. EPPS'S COCOA.

BREAKFAST.

Be a thorough knowledge of the natural laws
which govern the operations of digestion and nutri-
tion, and the application of the fine properties
of a well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our
breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage
which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is
by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a
constitution may be gradually built up until strong
enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds
of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to
attack wherever there is a weak point. We may
escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well
furnished with pure blood and a properly nourished
frame. —Civil Service Gazette.

Made simply with Boiling Water or Milk.
Sold only in Packets by Grocers labelled thus :
JAMES EPPS and CO.,
Homeopathic Chemists, London.

The Genuine
**EAU
DE BOTOT**
IS THE
only Dentifrice approved
BY THE
ACADEMY of MEDICINE of PARIS
The best preventative of toothache
Specially recommended, with the
POUDRE de BOTOT au quinquina
for the preservation of the Teeth.
OF ALL PERFUMERS, CHEMISTS, ETC.
Wholesale of R. HOVENDEN & SONS,
Berners Str. W. and City Road E. C. London

"THE DUCHESS" (THOMAS PATENT).



Is constructed on a grace-
ful model for the present
style of dress, the shape
being permanently re-
tained by a series of nar-
row whalebones placed
diagonally across the
front, gradually curving
in, and contracting the
Corset at the bottom of
the busk, whereby the
size of the figure is re-
duced, the outline im-
proved, a permanent sup-
port afforded, and a
fashionable and elegant
appearance secured.

SOLE PROPRIETORS,
YOUNG, CARTER, AND
OVERALL,
117 and 118, WOOD ST.



BRIDAL TROUSSEAU.

For the Bride's Trousseau, Layettes, Swan-
dresses, and Sabot Boots, sent Post Free.
ADELIE LOURNE, 14, Sloane Street, Belgravia
(Late of Piccadilly).

THROAT and COUGH.

Settles colds and drenches, tickling and irritation,
relieves coughs, and soothes the voice. For these
purposes, EPPS'S GLYCERINE JUJUBES,
taken at the first sign of the attack, are ex-
ceedingly effective. The glycerine in these
lozenges is of the purest quality, and the
lozenges are sold in a neat, labelled box.
Homeopathic Chemists, London.



ROUGH WEATHER!

If you wish to protect yourself
against chapped hands and cracked skin
and to keep your complexion in good
condition during the winter use
MOUSON'S COCOA BUTTER SOAP.
This celebrated soap consists chiefly of
Cocoa Butter extracted in the Manufacture
of Chocolate which is the mildest fat known
and possesses a most wonderfully healing and
softening influence upon the skin. The bene-
ficient and soothing properties of this product
make themselves apparent by the delicious creamy lather
it produces, rendering even the coarsest skin as soft as
velvet. Cocoa Butter Soap is a real skin beautifier and
a balm to young and old alike. For persons with a delicate
skin and Ladies, Children and Infants it is simply indis-
pensable.

MOUSON & CO Perfumers & Toilet Soap Manufacturers
LONDON 32 & 33 Hamsell Street E. C. PARIS 29 rue Radziwill.
MOUSON'S COCOA BUTTER SOAP is sold everywhere.

PRODUCES SOFT FAIR
LOVELY SKIN

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR

BOTTLES 4/6
1/2 BOTTLES 2/3

An Emollient and Harmless Preparation for the Skin in Cold, Damp, or windy Weather.
It removes Freckles, Tan, Redness, and Roughness of the Skin, renders the Skin Soft, Fair,
and Delicate. Sold Everywhere. Bottles, 4s. 6d.; half bottles, 2s. 3d.

JENSEN'S COD LIVER OIL.

PURE, TASTELESS, and DIGESTIBLE.
MADE FROM ONLY FRESHEST LIVERS.
Sold only in Capsuled Bottles, bearing Registered Trade
Mark, an Iceberg, by all Chemists, Grocers, and Stores.

TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE is the only
thoroughly harmless Skin Powder. Prepared
by an experienced Chemist, and constantly prescribed
by the most eminent Skin Doctors. Post free. Sent
for 14 or 26 penny stamps. MOST INVALUABLE.
J. TAYLOR, Chemist, 13, Baker Street, London, W.

A FAIR BEAUTIFUL SKIN.—
A SULPHOLINE SOAP gives the natural tint
and peach-like bloom of a perfect complexion. By
washing with Sulpholine Soap the skin becomes
spotless, soft, clear, smooth, supple, healthy, and
comfortable. Tablets 6d. Sold everywhere.

BOOSEY & CO.'S NEW SONGS.
SEASON 1888-89.
SIX O'CLOCK IN THE BAY.
New Song by the Composer of "The
little Hero," "The Midshipmite," and "Nancy
Lee."
SIX O'CLOCK IN THE BAY.
Sung by Mr. Maybrick with tumultuous suc-
cess. Words by WEATHERLY. To be had every-
where.
"Baritone was singing for another 'Nancy Lee,'
and here is a duty that cannot fail to remind them
of their old favourite."—*Sunday Times*.
"Of the new songs STEPHEN ADAMS' 'Six o'Clock
in the Bay,' a bright nautical ditty of the 'Nancy
Lee' type, is likely to be most popular."—*Referee*.
2s. net. BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street.

**MONA.—Edward Lloyd's last suc-
cess.**
**MONA.—By the Composer of "The
Maid of the Mill" and "The Blue Alsatian
Mountains."** Words by WEATHERLY. To be had
everywhere.
2s. net. BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street.

DOWN THE SUNLIT STREAM.
MOLLOY'S New Waltz Song.
DOWN THE SUNLIT STREAM.
Sung by Madame Belle Cole with immense
success on Madame Minnie Hauk's *tournee*.
2s. net. BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street.

BY THE SHINING RIVER.
MARZIALS' New Song
BY THE SHINING RIVER.
Sung by Madame ANTOINETTE STERLING at the
Ballad Concerts, and always encored.
2s. net. BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street.

A GOLDEN ARGOSY. Hope
TEMPLE'S New Song.
A GOLDEN ARGOSY. Words by
WEATHERLY. Sung by Mr. Edward Lloyd at the
Ballad Concerts with brilliant success. 2s. net.
BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street, W.

IN SWEET SEPTEMBER. Hope
TEMPLE'S New Song
IN SWEET SEPTEMBER. Sung
by Madame BERTHA MOORE at the Ballad Con-
certs with unvarying success.
2s. net. BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street.

FAME THE FIDDLER. New Song
by MOLLOY. Sung by Mr. Barrington Foote.
THE OLD MANOR HALL. New
Song by HOPE TEMPLE. Sung by Mrs. Mary
Davies.
THE SILENT HIGHWAY. New
Song by STEPHEN ADAMS. Sung by Miss
Eleanor Jones.

MARGARITA. New Song by
FREDERICK LOHR. Sung by Mr. Edward
Lloyd, 2s. each net.
BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street.

LA TOSCANA.
LA TOSCANA. Ernest Bucalossi's
last new waltz. Played by all the Military and
Stringed Bands in the Kingdom. 2s. net.
BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street.

Knighthood of the Legion of Honour, 1878. Royal
Portuguese Knighthood, 1883; Gold Medals at the
Principal International Exhibitions.
JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS
PATENT SOSTENENTE PIANOFORTES
and for SALE, for HIRE, or on the THREE
YEARS' SYSTEM. The Perfection of Touch,
Tone, and Durability.—18, Wigmore St., London, W.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO.
desire it to be most distinctly understood that they
are Pianoforte Manufacturers only, and that their only
address is 27, Baker Street, Portman Square, London.

PIANOS, £15. PIANOS, £20.
PIANOS. £45.—An opportunity now offers to
those who are able to pay cash, of purchasing really
good pianos by Broadwood, Collard, Erard, and other
good makers at nominal prices. Descriptive lists free.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street

**D'ALMAINE and CO.—Pianos and
ORGANS.** Re Senior Partner Deceased.—
Absolute sales previous to new partnership. Ten
years' warranty. Easy terms. Good Cottage Pianos.
8 guineas, 12 guineas, &c.
Class 0. 14 gs. Class 3. 23 gs. Class 6. 35 gs.
Class 1. 17 gs. Class 4. 26 gs. Class 7. 40 gs.
Class 2. 20 gs. Class 5. 30 gs. Class 8. 45 gs.
American Organs by the best makers, from 41 to 100
guineas. N.B.—The Railway Return Fare will be
reimbursed to any purchaser of an instrument ex-
ceeding 16 guineas whose residence is within 200 miles
of London.—91, Finsbury Pavement, E.C. Established
103 years.

**PLEYER, WOLFF, and CO.'S
PIANOS.** Every description for SALE or
HIRE. Illustrated Lists free.
SOLE AGENCY, 170, New Bond Street, W.

JOHN BROADWOOD and SONS,
33, GREAT PULTENEY ST., LONDON, W.
GOLD MEDAL
INVENTIONS EXHIBITION, 1883.
GOLD MEDAL, SOCIETY OF ARTS, 1885.
PIANOFORTES for SALE at from 25 to 250 Gs.
PIANOFORTES for HIRE.

Now ready, crown 8vo, price 2s. 6d.
THE TRUSTEE ACT, 1888.
An Act to amend the law relating to the Duties,
Powers, and Liabilities of Trustees, with Explanatory
Notes and an Index.
By A. R. RUDALL and J. W. GREIG, Barristers-at-Law
HADDEN, BEST, and CO., West Harding Street,
London, E.C.

PASTEL PAINTING. By J. L.
SPRING. Vide *The Artist*, September, 1886.—
"We cordially recommend this little work to all
Artists. Per. post, 1s. 1d."—LECHERTIER,
BARBE, and CO., 60, Regent Street, W.

Fifth Edition, post free 11 stamps.
ERRORS OF HOMOEOPATHY.
By Dr. BARR MEADOWS, Physician (twenty
years) to the National Institution for Diseases of the
Skin.—G. HILL, 154, Westminster Bridge Road.

CHEAP EDITION OF MISS BRADDON'S
NOVELS.
Price 2s., ornamental cover; 2s. 6d., cloth.
THE FATAL THREE: A Novel.
By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," &c.
"A really able romance, woven out of the lives of
men and women such as we meet and know in the
world around us."—*Athenaeum*.
"Praise, as usual, is due to Miss Braddon's con-
structive skill. Here is the art of Miss Braddon's
story, but the accessories are as picture-que as usual."
—*Times*.
London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, and CO.

**THE PARIS ILLUSTRÉ (English
Edition)**
Has each week an exquisite frontispiece of merit
fully equal to a SUPERIOR OIL PAINTING.
Contains a 21 other full-page illustrations in
Colours and many in Black and White, artistically
executed by Messrs. Goupil and CO.
PARIS ILLUSTRÉ is unequalled in tone, and
has no rival among illustrated weeklies either in
Europe or America. Price 6d. per copy. To be had
at all Bookstalls, and of all Newsagents and Book-
sellers.
Sole Agents throughout the World.
THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY,
Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, E.C.

METZLER and CO.,
40, 41, 42, and 43, GREAT MARLBOROUGH
STREET, and
33, 35, 37, and 39, FOUNTAIN PLACE, LONDON,
W.

METZLER and CO.,
MUSIC
PUBLISHERS.
METZLER and CO.
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

METZLER and CO.
ESTABLISHED
OVER A HUNDRED YEARS.
METZLER and CO.
OPERAS, ORATORIOS, and CANTATAS
By GOUNOD, SULLIVAN, BIZET, CELLIER, COWEN, &c.

METZLER and CO.
SONGS and BALLADS
By SULLIVAN, CELLIER, BLUMENTHAL, PINSUTI, &c.
METZLER and CO.
PIANOFORTE COMPOSITIONS
By SYDNEY SMITH, SIR J. BENEDICT, COWEN, COTSFORD
DICK, EDUARD DORN, FONTAINE, RAFF, &c.

METZLER and CO.
DANCE MUSIC
By CROWE, WALDTREUF, BUCALOSS, MAY OSTLERE
CH. GODFREY, CAROLINE LOWTHIAN, LEVEY, E.
H. PROUT, WARWICK WILLIAMS, &c.

METZLER and CO.
TUTORS and INSTRUCTION BOOKS
FOR ALL KINDS OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
METZLER and CO.
HEMY'S ROYAL MODERN PIANO-
FORTE TUTOR.
Dr. STAINER'S AMERICAN ORGAN TUTOR.

METZLER and CO.
Cheap Books of Songs, Dance Music, &c.
THE RED ALBUM.
THE MUSICAL BIJOU.
VOCAL GEMS.
ALBUM OF DANCE MUSIC.

METZLER and CO.
PART SONGS, CAROLS, GLEES,
ANTHEMS, &c.
By CALDICOTT, HATTON, CELLIER, SULLIVAN, &c.
METZLER and CO.
A Thematic Catalogue, showing the compass
and character of New Compositions, sent gratis and
post free.

METZLER and CO.
SOLE IMPORTERS
OF THE CELEBRATED
MASON and HAMLIN ORGANS
Supplied to
Her Majesty the Queen,
H.I.M. the Empress Eugénie,
and
Many of the Nobility.

MASON and HAMLIN ORGANS
Supplied to
Cathedrals, Churches, and Chapels in all Parts of the
World.
MASON and HAMLIN PIANOS.
MUSTEL HARMONIUMS.

ROENISCH PIANOFORTES.
THE ORGANO PIANO.
VIOLINS, GUITARS, BANJOS.
ZITHERS, &c.
Illustrated Catalogues post free.

METZLER and CO.,
42, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET,
LONDON, W.

MADAME MARIE ROZE will sing
Lindsay Lennox's popular song, "Love's
Golden Dream," at Carlisle this (Friday) evening
and nightly on tour. Sung also by Mr. Sims Reeves
during the season. "It has much to recommend it."
Sir James's Gazette, 25. net.
LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANY,
54, Great Marlborough Street, W.

**TOLADIES.—SALE OF NEW
MUSIC** at a large reduction, and post free. All
new songs pieces, &c., of all publishers. New copies,
best editions. Prices commence 4d., 6d., 8d. Cata-
logues sent gratis, and post free.—J. W. MOFFATT,
Barnsbury House, 280, Caledonian Road, London, N.

1s., post free.
NOSE and THROAT DISEASES.
By GEORGE MOORE, M.D.
London: JAMES EPPS and CO., 170, Piccadilly.

NEW AND POPULAR NOVELS.
BARCADDINE. By Vere Clavering.
Author of "A Modern Delilah." 3 vols.
A GAME OF CHANCE. By Ella
J. CURTIS. Author of "The Favourite of
Fortune." &c. 3 vols.

VIOLET VYVIAN, M.F.H. By
MAY CROMMELIN. Author of "Queenie" and
J. MORAY BROWN, Author of "Shikar Sketches,"
3 vols.

RESTITUTION. By Anne Beale.
Author of "The Pennant Family," &c. 3 vols.
MISTRESS BEATRICE COPE;
or, Passages in the Life of a Jacobite's
Daughter. By M. E. LE CLERC, 2 vols.

DORINDA. By the Countess of
MUNSTER. 5 vols.
HURST and BLACKETT, Limited.

Just published, 2s. 6d., post-free.
**TUMOURS OF THE BREAST
AND THEIR TREATMENT AND CURE
BY MEDICINES.**
By J. COMPTON BURNETT, M.D.
London: JAMES EPPS and CO., 170, Piccadilly;
and 48, Threadneedle Street.

NOW READY.
**THE TRUE POSITION OF
PATENTEES.**
By H. M. THOMAS, Patent Agent.
EXPLAINING THE REGULATIONS IN FORCE
IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL COUNTRIES, AND
THE COMBINED EFFECTS OF HOME,
FOREIGN, AND COLONIAL PATENT LAWS

ONE SHILLING
LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, and CO.,
Stationers' Hall Court.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.
ACCIDENTS OF ALL KINDS
INSURED AGAINST BY THE
RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE
COMPANY.
Annual Income £248,000. Compensation already
paid £2,600,000.
Moderate Premiums.—Favourable Conditions.—New
Concessions.
West End Office: 8, GRAND HOTEL BUILDINGS
W.C. Head Office: 64, CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C.
WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary.

CHEQUES BANK (Ltd.). Estab-
lished 1873.—4, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall;
City Branch, 3, George Yard, Lombard Street.
Cheques, with any amounts printed in books, at a
charge of 1s. 6d. per ten cheques.

HENRY RODRIGUES'
**WEDDING and BIRTHDAY
PRESENTS.**
42, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

SETS FOR THE WRITING TABLE,
LIBRARY, and BOUDOIR.
In Polished Brass, China, Onyx and Ox-dized
Silver, from 15s. to 410s.

DRESSING CASES
JEWEL CASES
IVORY BRUSHES
CARRIAGE CLOCKS
OPERA GLASSES
BOX BOTTLES
STANDSTANDS FANS
INKSTANDS OF GAMES
LIQUEUR CASES

Useful and Elegant Presents in Silver.
And a large and choice assortment of English,
Viennese, and Parisian NOVELTIES, from 5s. to 45s.

**TRAVELLING DRESSING
BAGS,** Morocco, Wide Opening, with ill-
marked Silver Fittings.
45s. 5s. 10s. 15s. 20s. 30s. to 45s.

RODRIGUES' MONOGRAMS,
Arms, Coronet, Crest, and Address Dies, En-
graved as Gems, from original and artistic designs.
NOTE PAPER and ENVELOPES, in Bronze, and Colours
minuted by hand in Gold, Silver, Bronze, and Colours.
Best RELIEF STAMPING, any colour, 1s. per 100.
All the new and fashionable Note Papers.
HEALING ENGRAVING and PAINTING.
A VISITING CARD PLATE elegantly engraved
and 100 Superfine Cards printed for 45s. 6d.
BALL PROGRAMMES, MENUS, BOOK-
PLATES, WEDDING CARDS, and INVITA-
TIONS.
42, PICCADILLY, LONDON

**DRESS SHIRTS.—FORD'S
EUREKA SHIRTS.**
"The most perfect fitting made."—*Observer*.
Gentlemen desirous of purchasing shirts of the best
quality should try FORD'S EUREKA. 30s., 40s.,
45s., half dozen.

**DRESS SHIRTS.—FORD'S
EUREKA SHIRTS.**
Special to measure.
Illustrated set measure post free.
R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London

**DRESS SHIRTS.—FORD'S
EUREKA DRESS SHIRTS.**
Sixteen different sizes, in the Finest Linen,
5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 9s. 6d.

**OLD SHIRTS Refronted, Wrist
and Collar Banded, fine Linen, three for 6s.,
superior, 7s. 6d., extra fine, 8s. 6d., 10s. 6d.,
with cash. Returned ready for use, carriage
paid.—R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.**

**ÆGIDIUS.—The only Flannel
Shirts** that never shrink in washing, not if
washed 100 times; elastic, soft as silk. 8s. 6d., 10s. 6d.,
13s. 6d.; carriage free.—Write for patterns and self-
measure to R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

**ÆGIDIUS.—GENTLEMEN'S
UNDERVESTS,** winter weight, 32 to 48 in.
chest. Pants to match, 32 in. to 52 in. waists; vests,
45s. 6d. to 6s. 9d. each; pants, 5s. 9d. to 8s. 6d.; half
hose, 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 9s. 6d. the half-dozen. Self-
measure and patterns free from the sole makers,
R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

HOLLOWAYS' OINTMENT
Is a CERTAIN REMEDY.
For the CURE OF
BAD LEGS, OLD WOUNDS, SORES & ULCERS
For BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,
GOUT, RHEUMATISM, GLANDULAR
SWELLINGS.
And all Skin Diseases, it has no equal.

**BEAUTIFUL LACES, copied
from the Antique, Spanish, Venetian, Reticellas,
Punto du Milano, &c., have received the greatest
praise from judges of Lace in London, Brussels, and
Rome, and in the Queen. They are the work of very
poor Irish women and girls, who earnestly desire help
which they much need. Orders have been received
from many Ladies of high rank and fashion both at
home and abroad, and the work gave great satisfac-
tion. Black Laces after Antique will be made to
order. Send for Patterns to Madame CHARLES,
Post Office, Rathdrum, County Wicklow, Ireland.**

**SOUTH-EASTERN COLLEGE.
RAMSGATE.**
President—The Very Rev. the DEAN OF CANTERBURY
D.D.
Head-Master—The Rev. E. D'AUQUIER, M.A., Clare
College, Cambridge.

The College is a public school, intended to afford
a sound education based on the Protestant and Evan-
gelical principles of the Church of England. 250 boys;
22 Masters (Graduates).
Exhibitions and Scholarships of £42, £41, £45, and
£40 are annually thrown open for competition.
Chapel, Gymnasium, Workshop, Swimming Bath,
Tennis Courts, Fields of over 20 acres, Cycle Path, &c.
Fees for board and tuition, £57 per annum.

**SOUTH-EASTERN COLLEGE.
JUNIOR SCHOOL.**
Under the immediate supervision of
Rev. E. D'AUQUIER and the Rev. J. B. WHITING.
Fees same as in the College.
For full information as to both branches apply to
Head Master.

**CLAPHAM SCHOOL OF ART,
VERNON ROAD, near Clapham Road station**
MORNING CLASSES FOR LADIES on TUES-
DAY and FRIDAY.
EVENING CLASSES, MONDAY, TUESDAY,
and THURSDAY.
Apply to Head Master, L. C. NIGHTINGALE, at
the School, for Prospectus.

**CHARITY ORGANISATION
SOCIETY.** Patron—The Queen.
The object of this Society is the improvement of
the condition of the poor (1) by bringing about co-
operation between the Charities and the Poor Law,
and amongst the Charities; (2) by securing due in-
vestigation and fitting action in all cases; and (3) by
repressing mendacity.
Committees (38) have been established throughout
London.
CONTRIBUTIONS towards the expenses of the
Council can be paid at the Central Office, 15, Buck-
ingham Street, Adelphi, or to Messrs. Coutts and Co.,
9, Strand, W.C. Contributions for the poorer District
Committees can be paid to the District Committee
Fund of the Council.
CHARLES LOCH, Secretary.

KING'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL,
Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.
FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED.
N. BROMLEY, Warden.
The Hospital is Unendowed and Free

**"ELECTRICITY IS LIFE."
(TRADE MARK)
PULVERMACHERS'
WORLD-FAMED
GALVANIC BELTS
FOR THE CURE OF NERVOUS
DISEASES
HAVE RECEIVED TESTI-
MONIALS from
THREE PHYSICIANS to
HER MAJESTY the QUEEN,
THE ACADEMIE de MEDECINE
of PARIS, and
FORTY MEMBERS of the
ROYAL COLLEGE of PHY-
SICIANS of LONDON.**

RECENT TESTIMONIALS.
**GALVANISM v. NERVOUS
EXHAUSTION.**
Lansdown, Evesham, 26th Jan., 1889.
Dear Sir,—I am thankful to say that your
Galvanic Belt has been of great service to me,
and I never fail to recommend your treatment
and I have the opportunity. I wish I could
prevail upon more of my friends to try your
Belts, for they are most valuable. Yours faith-
fully,
H. BURLINGHAM.

**GALVANISM v. NERVOUS
EXHAUSTION.**
99, Wotton Hill, Gloucester, 14th January, 1889.
Dear Sir,—I am very thankful to say that
since wearing your Galvanic Belt I am so
much better in my health that I am a wonder to
my friends, and my object in writing now is to
ask your advice in another case of nervous
weakness.—Yours very gratefully,
Wm. Cross.

**GALVANISM v. NERVOUS
EXHAUSTION.**
280, George Street, Glasgow, 10th January, 1889.
Dear Sir,—I wish to say that your Galvanic
Belt has been of great service to me, and I
action, and has imparted a healthy tone and
vigour to my system, and I have no reason to
doubt the permanency to the effect. I shall
certainly recommend your treatment to my
friends, and am yours truly,
J. L. Pulvermacher, Esq., 194, Regent Street, W.

**GALVANISM v. NERVOUS
EXHAUSTION.**
The distressing symptoms
of Nervous Exhaustion and Debility are speedily
removed by means of PULVERMACHERS'
world-famed GALVANIC BELTS, which
are so arranged as to convey a powerful electric
current direct to the affected parts, gradually
stimulating and strengthening the nerves and
muscles, and speedily arresting all symptoms of
waste and decay.

**ADVICE PERSONALLY or by
LETTER, free of charge.**
**FOR FURTHER TESTIMO-
NIALS,** both Medical and Private, see new
Pamphlet, "GALVANISM: NATURE'S
CHIEF RESTORER OF IMPAIRED VITAL
ENERGY," post free on application to
J. L. PULVERMACHERS and CO.
GALVANIC ESTABLISHMENT,
194, REGENT STREET, London, W.
Established over Forty Years.

**ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are
you broken in your rest by a sick child suffering
with the pain of cutting teeth? Go at once to a
chemist, and get a bottle of Mrs. WINSLOW'S
SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor
sufferer immediately. It is perfectly harmless; it
produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child
from pain, and the little cherub awakes "as bright as
a button."**

**MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING
SYRUP.** It has long been in use in America,
and is highly recommended by every medical man. It is
very pleasant to take, it soothes the child; it softens
the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the
bowels, and is the best known remedy for dysentery,
diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other
causes. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing
Syrup, and see that "Curtis and Perkins, New York
Syrup, and London," is on the outside wrapper. No mother
should be without it. So'd by all medicine dealers at
1s. 1d.

**THE MEXICAN HAIR
RENEWER**
Will positively restore the hair in every case, grey or white
hair to its original colour without leaving the dis-
agreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the
hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promotes the
growth of the hair on bald spots where the glands are
not decayed.

**THE MEXICAN HAIR
RENEWER**
This preparation has never been known to fail in
restoring the hair to its natural colour and gloss in
from eight to twelve days.
It promotes growth, and prevents the hair falling
out, eradicates dandruff, and leaving the scalp in
a clean, healthy condition

**THE MEXICAN HAIR
RENEWER**
Is put up with 'directions' in French, and
Spanish. Retail everywhere in the kingdom at 3s. 6d.
Only one size, and wholesale by the ANGLO-
AMERICAN DRUG COMPANY, Limited, 33,
Farringdon Road, London.

**FLORILINE.—For the TEETH
AND BREATH**
Is the best Liquid Dentifrice in the world. It thor-
oughly cleanses partially decayed teeth from all
parasites or living animalcules, leaving them pearly
white, imparting a delightful fragrance to the breath.
The FRAGRANT FLORILINE removes instantly
all odours arising from a foul stomach or tobacco
smoke.
For children or adults whose teeth show marks of
decay its advantages are paramount. The FLORI-
LINE should be thoroughly brushed into all the
cavities; no one need fear using it too often or too
much at a time.

**FLORILINE.—For the TEETH
AND BREATH.—Is sold wherever the English
language is spoken.**
Ask for the FRAGRANT FLORILINE. Price
2s. 6d.
Sole wholesale by the ANGLO-AMERICAN
DRUG COMPANY, Limited, Farringdon Road,
London.

CARTER'S COLOGNE OIL
FOR THE HAIR
Keeps the scalp free from Dandruff, promotes the
growth of the hair, and makes it soft, silky,
and luxuriant. Being perfectly harmless, and most de-
licately perfumed, it is equally suitable for all ages, but
is invaluable and indispensable in the nursery.

CARTER'S COLOGNE OIL
FOR THE HAIR
May be obtained of all Chemists, Perfumers, and
Hairdressers throughout the world. Price 1s. per
bottle, or a single bottle will be sent by Parcels Post
on receipt of stamps 1s. 3d.
Prepared at the Laboratory of the ANGLO-
AMERICAN DRUG COMPANY (Limited), 33,
Farringdon Road, London, Proprietors.

OETZMANN and CO. Furniture.
67, 69, 71, 73, 75, 77, and 79,
HAMPSHIRE ROAD
(Near Tottenham Court Road).

OETZMANN and CO.—£5 5s.
BEDROOM FURNISHED COMPLETE.
For 45s. 5s.
For Illustration and full details List see page 154 in
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.
Post free on application.

OETZMANN and CO.—5½ Guinea
The "LYNTON" DRAWING-ROOM
SUITE
Inlaid Sheraton Suite, consisting of Settee and Two
Easy Chairs, upholstered in rich Silk, £5 15s. 6d.

**OETZMANN'S ILLUSTRATED
CATALOGUE,** the best Furnishing Guide
extant, containing Coloured and other Illustrations,
with full particulars and prices of every article
required in complete house furnishing, post free on
application.—OETZMANN and CO., Hampstead Rd.

OETZMANN and CO.
CABINET MAKERS, UPHOLSTERERS
DECORATORS, and
COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS.
HAMPSTEAD ROAD
(NEAR TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD
AND GOWER STREET STATION).
SHILLING CAB FARES from Charing Cross,
Euston, King's Cross, Fenchurch, and Waterloo
Stations. Regent Circus, and Piccadilly.

**SAMARITAN FREE HOSPITAL
FOR WOMEN and CHILDREN.**
Seymour Street, Portman Square, W.—Dorset House
Branch—1, Dorset Street, Manchester Square.
Patron—H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT,
K.G.
President—THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD LEIGH

In order to sustain the Hospital and its Branch in
their present excellent order, the Committee
very earnestly and confidently appeal for help to the
friends of the Hospital, and all who sympathise with
them in their efforts to relieve the sufferings, and save
many poor women and children from premature death.
The Institution is a Free Hospital for the Reception
and Treatment of Diseases Peculiar to Women,
No Letter of Recommendation or request for Poverty and
Sickness is necessary.

Since its foundation no less than 25,000 women
and children have been treated in the Out-Depart-
ment, and 8,985 women and 1,011 children have been
admitted as In-Patients. Large numbers of the
women were suffering from OVARIAN TUMOUR
and DROPSY—which, before special attention was
directed to it in the Samaritan Hospital in 1874, was
looked upon as a disease always fatal.
Up to the end of 1887, no fewer than 1,430 cases
were operated upon, with 1,051 recoveries and 185
deaths, a mortality of 14.93 per cent.

£5,500 per annum is required to maintain the
Hospital and its Branch, of which sum the Annual
Subscriptions amount to little more than £1,600, and
the remainder has to be raised by donations, and
other uncertain sources of income. The Committee
are most desirous of increasing the Annual subscrip-
tions, in order to relieve them of the anxiety of
raising so large an amount otherwise.
G. SCUDAMORE, Secretary.

**METROPOLITAN CONVA-
LESCENT INSTITUTION,** Walton-on-
Thames, Kingston Hill, and Duxhill-on-Sea.
His Grace the DUKE OF WESTMINSTER,
President.
Funds urgently NEEDED towards the support
of this large charity. 4,500 poor persons admitted free
yearly.
Bankers—London Joint Stock Bank, 69, Pall Mall,
S.W.
Office, 32, Sackville Street, London, W.
CHARLES HOLMES, Secretary.

**CONSUMPTION
NORTH
LONDON
HOSPITAL**
FOR CONSUMPTION and
DISEASES OF THE CHEST.
MOUNT VERNON, HAMP-
STEAD N.W.
OUT PATIENTS' DEPART-
MENT and OFFICE,
216, Tottenham Court Road, W.
(Established 1866.)
Patients admitted from all parts of the United
Kingdom.

Chairman of General Committee: Benjamin A.
Lyon, Esq., Uplands, Hampstead.
Vice-Chairman: The Right Hon. Lord Roberts,
30, Upper Grosvenor Street, W.
Chairman of House Committee: The Rev. Ste-
ward B. Burnaby, Vicarage, Hampstead

This Hospital, since its foundation in the year 1860,
has been the means of relieving more than 160,000
patients and has special claims on the public. It has
verified the correctness of the opinion now generally
received that a lofty altitude combined with a
bracing air, such as Hampstead affords, usually
assists in arresting the progress of disease in advanced
cases, and in completing recovery of less advanced
stages of Consumption.

The Committee would be pleased to gratify the
wishes of any Donors who would like to enow and
name a Ward or Single Bed for their own Patients.
Funds Urgently Needed

Subscriptions and Donations will be thankfully
received by the Treasurer, 216 Tottenham Court
Road, W.; or by any of the following Bankers:
Messrs. Coutts and Co., Strand, W.C.; Messrs.
Barclays, 22, Abchurch Lane, E.C.; London and County
Bank, Hanover Square, W.C.
ALFRED HOARE, Treasurer.
LIONEL HILL, Hon. Secretary.

HOMES FOR THE AGED POOR
The object of this Charity is to relieve the
poor persons from the sad necessity of passing the
last years in a workhouse. To this end it has
provided, in which such persons have been
tree, as well as the advantage and comfort of medi-
cal attention in sickness. The qualifications for ad-
mission are that applicants be fully sixty years of age,
of unquestionable respectability, and unable to ob-
tain any source a larger income than six shillings a
week, if married, a common income for the couple

JUST FOUR YEARS AGO the eyes of all the civilised world were fixed on the Upper Nile, it haply the news of the death of one of the purest heroes of all time, just then received, should prove untrue. To-day the Nile, and the problems it involves, are again prominently before us, and, in the mean while, the middle distance so to speak, Lady Butler has been employing pencil and palette in depicting scenes of every-day life above and in that old Cairo which has such a delightful climate that the invalids of England have learnt, from those who have essayed it, to prefer it, if they can afford the cost, as a resting-place between November and April, even to the Riviera, or the bonny shores of the Bay of Naples. From the first appearance before the public eye of the works of Miss Elizabeth Thompson, she has been recognised as a mistress of military art. Her eye for character has not dimmed, nor her natural force abated, since she became the wife of Colonel Sir William F. Butler, K.C.B., one of Lord Wolseley's trusted lieutenants on the Red River, in Ashanti, and on the Nile.

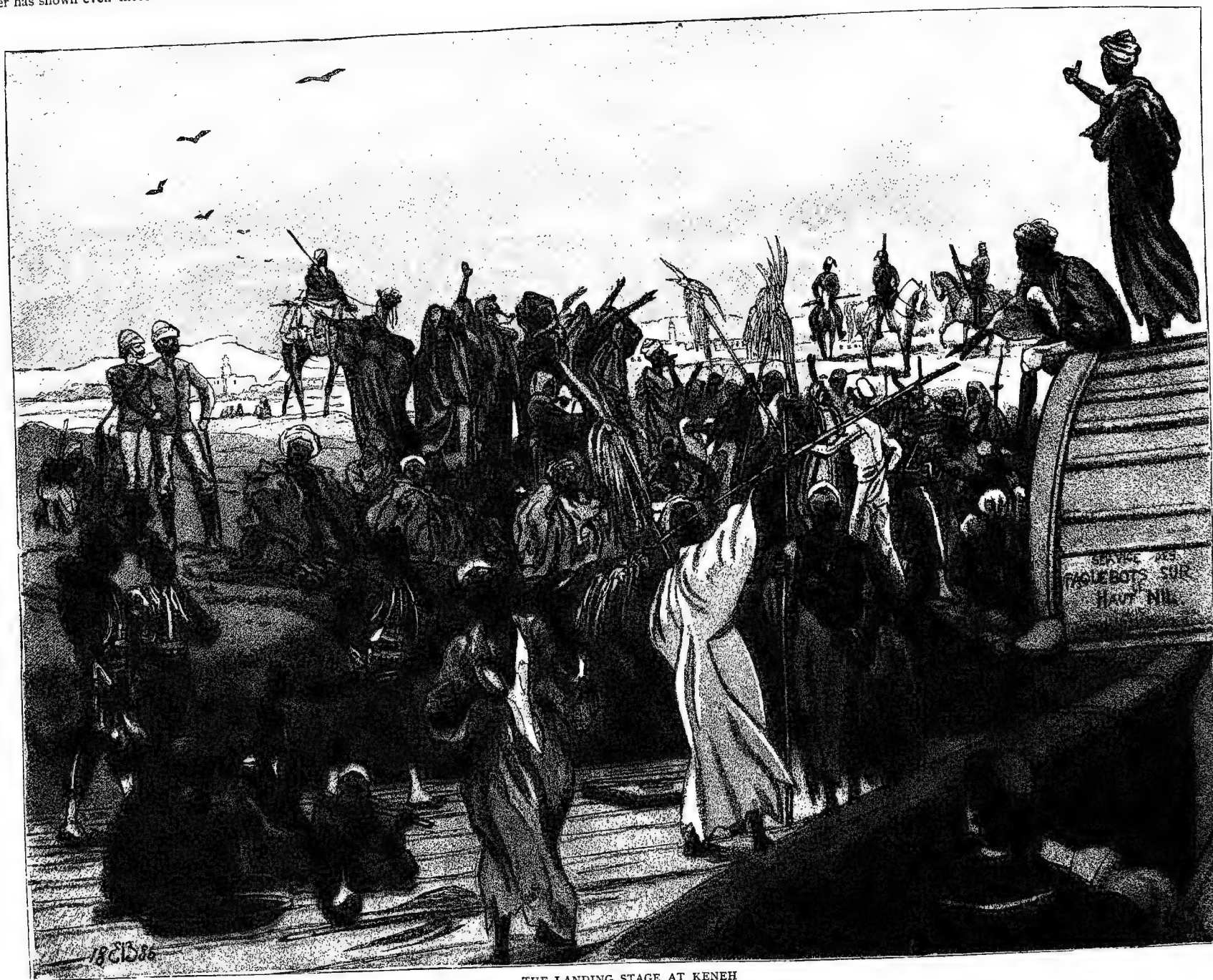
In Egypt and on the confines of the Soudan—has anybody noticed that Soudan is one of our old ways of spelling Sultan?—Lady Butler has shown even more of the art which excels art, the

rapid perception and grasp of character, than in her famous war-pictures. The sketches which we present to-day and next week will seize all eyes with their vividness, their fidelity to nature, their mastery of grouping. They are not, of course, finished pictures, but studies hot from the anvil of reality.

The two which we publish to-day are, each in its way, full of character. The Egyptian Camel Corps is a very picturesque body. The men in their red turbashes are not, according to our Western notions, comely; but it cannot be denied they look like business with their blue uniforms, their brown cartouche belts and their rifles where Moore's "Minstrel Boy" slung that wild harp which he so unnecessarily destroyed. As for their beasts, what is to be said of them? Mr. John Bright spoke once of the patient camel that uncomplaining bore his heavy burdens, or words to that effect. But Mr. Bright probably has never had much to do with camels. They are the most supercilious and gruesome animals in the world. If one looks at a camel, even in the Zoological Gardens, one cannot help observing the air of contemptuous disdain with which the creature ignores the spectator. When an attempt is made in his native lands—and he is just the same from Smyrna to Candahar,

and from Kars to Khartoum, though perhaps the Asiatic animals are not quite so short-tempered as the African variety—to mount him or load him, his snarls and growls, and snorts and even shrieks, are commonly appalling to a novice. But experts know that there is a bite as well as a bark with the camel. He can, and often does, bring round his head very rapidly, and his powerful jaws can inflict a dreadful wound. Instances have been known of an incautious rider being bitten in the leg by his long-necked steed, when he thought himself secure in, or rather on, the saddle. But, as a rule, once on his back, the rider is the master. The beast's nose is so very sensitive that the least amenable can be speedily brought to reason by a twitch from the cord which serves as a bridle, and which is commonly connected with a piece of wood inserted in a slit in the nostril. Some camels will go well with a bitless bridle, but the wooden peg is in general necessary to secure the rider's perfect control.

Although the camel is not amenable to any such attachment as is the horse, for example, he can be thoroughly trained, and induced to take part in not very complicated manoeuvres. If he has a high range of intelligence he is most successful in concealing it; but of



THE LANDING STAGE AT KENEH

THE LANDING STAGE

SKETCHES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER IN EGYPT
(BY ELIZABETH THOMPSON)

FROM DRAWINGS BY LADY BUTLER (MISS ELIZABETH THOMPSON)

what he allows to be seen man has learnt to make some considerable use. A touch on the forelegs, or an unspellable guttural noise, is a signal to lie down ; a pat on the off side of the neck makes him go to the left, and *vice versa* ; a flourish of a whip, if the lash has once been understood as being of hippopotamus hide, considerably expedites the ungainly stride which, except in the case of baggage camels, does not produce half as uncomfortable a seat as might be expected. Emulation is not a part of a camel's nature as it is of that of a horse, and for speed the rider has to depend on the lash, and nothing but the lash. Lady Butler shows that the men of the Camel Corps, or camelry, as they came to be called four years ago, do not spare the lash ; but she also shows that the brutes need it. They will not only go on almost hear the groans and roars

In looking at the plate one can almost hear the groans and roars of the quadrupeds, and one can realise how very different is the position of the rider of a camel from that of an equestrian. To order a charge is very well, but a charge of camels would be quite useless in war, since no one can ride a camel and do any fighting at

the same time, save, perhaps, by an occasional pistol shot. One of the gaunt creatures has fairly turned tail; most of them are in a state of suppressed rebellion, a few are making the best of the situation, having experience, probably, that the pace cannot last long. Anyhow, the sketch is full of life, movement, and actuality.

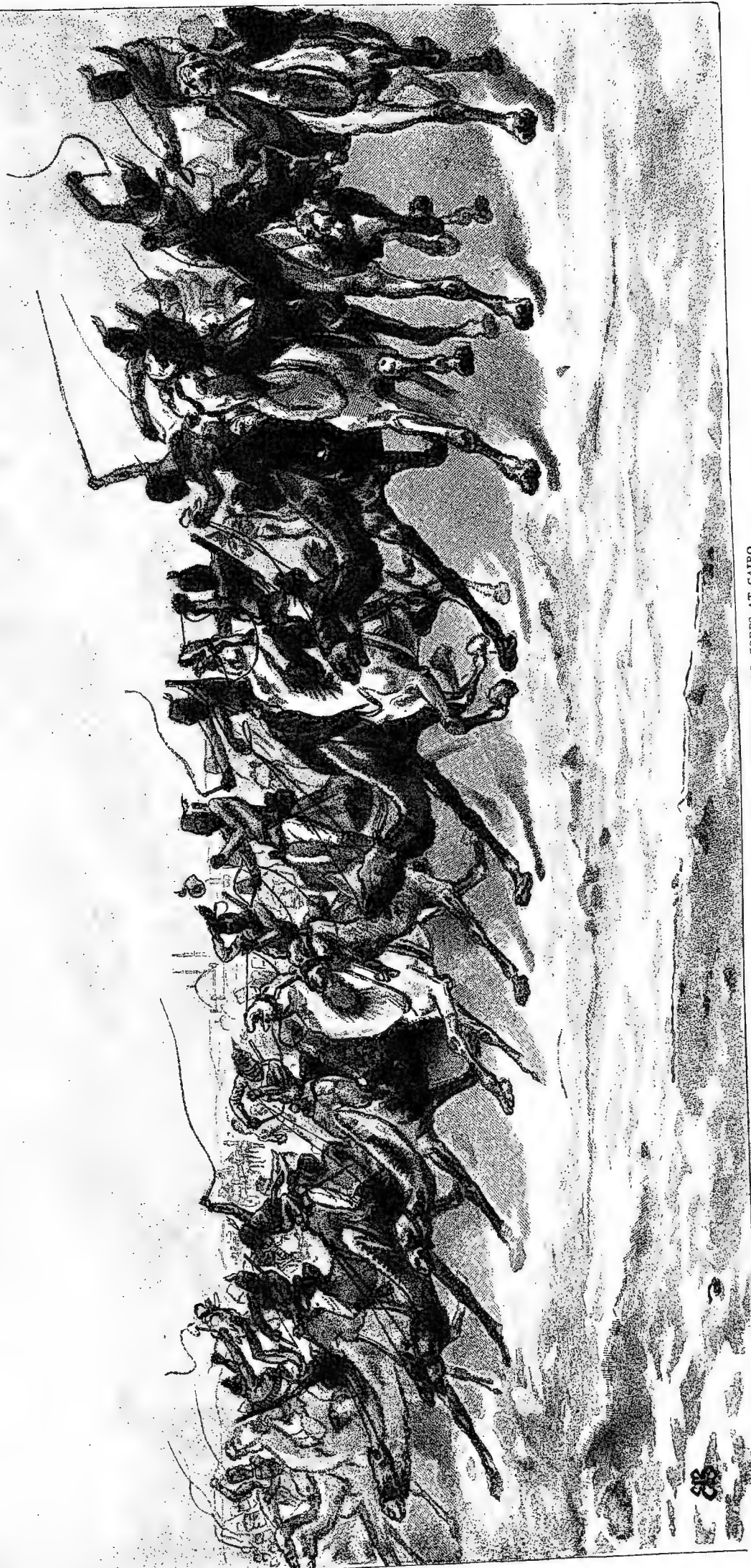
The plate on this page presents a singular contrast to the other. The ship of the desert is there, the *vapour* here. At Keneth the river steamboat ceases for a time to contend against the turbid current, and comes to a rest by a landing-stage. A passenger on the paddle-box bids farewell to a mourning group ashore. One of the deck hands has just bought a stalk of sugar-cane, which he will munch and munch with satisfaction for hours, making his white teeth whiter yet. A blind beggar, led by a child, waits patiently for the *backsheesh* that some passenger is sure to bestow. A pedlar of dry fruit presents a specimen of his wares, and two women wait for customers for parched grain or lentils, while a small boy is devoting himself to the extraction of the juice from some joints of cane, and

a younger lad has temporarily suspended similar operations to look at some fellaheen soldiers, one of whom carries two rifles, while another takes care of the porous earthen bottles in which, thanks to the dryness of the air, water obtains a marvellous degree of coolness. Squatting on the bank, villagers calmly survey the scene with that lazy air which comes of living in a country where little toil is needed to support life—where

The higher Nilus swells
The more it promises; as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain
And shortly comes to harvest,

And shortly comes to harvest, as Antony informs Lepidus. Helmeted British officers, wondering perhaps whether the postal-boat has brought them letters from sweethearts or wives in the far northern island, watch proceedings from the bank, and, maybe, ask themselves if they know the lady tourist who reclines, guide-book in hand, in her cane-backed armchair.

(Continued on page 150)



"CHARGE!"—A REVIEW OF THE EGYPTIAN CAMEL CORPS AT CAIRO
SKETCHES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER IN EGYPT
FROM DRAWINGS BY LADY BUTLER (MISS ELIZABETH THOMPSON)



DRAWN BY E. F. BREWTNALL, R.W.S.

Advancing to the gas, and facing him full, she held it up before him, and read to the very last line in his note to his solicitor.

"THE TENTS OF SHEM"

By GRANT ALLEN,

AUTHOR OF "THIS MORTAL COIL," "THE DEVIL'S DIE," &C.

CHAPTER XI.

NEWS FROM AIX

ABOUT the same time, that identical afternoon, Uncle Tom arrived by hansom, very red-faced, at Mrs. Knyvett's house in West Kensington. Great trepidation possessed his soul, and an open telegram fluttered ostentatiously in his left hand. "Calm yourself, telegram fluttered ostentatiously in his left hand. 'Calm yourself, my dear,' he remarked, with sundry puffs and blows, to Iris, who, indeed, had only just come in from tennis, and seemed to the outward eye of a mere casual observer as calm as any Third Classic ought always to be; 'don't be too agitated, there's nothing to alarm you. I've brought you news—most important news. Your uncle, Sir Arthur, died at Aix-les-Bains at two this afternoon, of *angina pectoris*.'"

"Well, really, Uncle Tom," Iris answered, with a smile, throwing her pretty little arms caressingly around him, "I suppose, of course, I ought to be awfully sorry; he's papa's brother, and all that sort of thing; but, as a matter of fact, I hardly remember seeing him when I was quite a baby, and having always regarded him only as one of the family portraits, I don't feel as if I could screw up even a conventional tear now to lament his demise with."

"Sorry!" Uncle Tom exclaimed, in a fervour of astonishment. "Why, you ought to be delighted! overjoyed! irrepressible! Sorry at coming in to six thousand a year, indeed! Why, the girl's

gone cracked! I'll trouble you for her calmness! Sorry, indeed! Sorry!"

At the words, Mrs. Knyvett, who was standing by, fell back in her chair, with her main aquiline feature pointed straight towards the rose in the centre of the ceiling, and indulged parenthetically in a loud fit of mingled hysterical sobs and laughter. If Iris was insensible to her own good fortune, Mrs. Knyvett, at least, as an irreproachable British mother, felt bound to rise vicariously on her account to the height of the situation. But as soon as this little interruption had been partially composed, according to due precedent, by the application of *sal volatile* and *eau de Cologne*, Uncle Tom was enabled to proceed more systematically with his exposition of the existing crisis.

"Now calm yourself, my dear," the fat little old gentleman began again, with much energy, being, in fact, very far from calm himself, and therefore, like many other people in the same circumstances, particularly anxious to quiet the nerves of other people. "Here's the telegram I've just received from Savoy:—

"Sir Arthur died at two this afternoon, at his residence at Aix, quite suddenly, of *angina pectoris*. I have searched his papers up and down, but can find no trace of any other will than the one now in the hands of his solicitor.—Your obedient servant,

"GILBERT MONTGOMERY."

It was word for word the self-same telegram that Harold Knyvett had received at the Cheyne Row Club; but of that little peculiarity in its duplicate form Uncle Tom, of course, was as yet unaware.

"He's a treasure, that valet," he murmured to himself, with a hug of delight. "Behaved most admirably. Never expended ten pounds in my life to better advantage!"

"But why does he telegraph to you, Uncle dear?" Iris asked, much puzzled.

"Well, the fact is, my child," the old barrister answered, with a somewhat shame-faced look, for he felt he must confess the one sin of an otherwise blameless life openly, "in any other case I wouldn't have descended to obtaining information from any other man's servants, by fair means or foul, but in dealing with a scoundrel of the calibre and metal of Harold Knyvett—"

"Uncle!" Iris cried, firing up, "you've no right to prejudge him! You've no right to speak so of any of my relations! You've no right to call my cousin a scoundrel."

"Exactly so, my dear," the old man went on, in a pleased tone. "I like you none the worse for withstanding me to my face, as I should have done somebody, and sticking up for your relative, though he does happen to be a sneak and a cur and a bully; but, at any rate, in dealing with a claim like his (if that phrase will satisfy you) I thought it best to ensure beforehand prior and exclusive information of my own from your uncle's body-servant; so that the moment

Sir Arthur was comfortably dead, and past the possibility of meddling with his last will and testament, we might secure ourselves once against Harold's machinations. That fellow'd stick at nothing, I can tell you, my child. He's a bad lot. Why, he'd forge a will, I know, if he saw no other way of getting what he wanted, as soon as look at you."

"Uncle!" Iris exclaimed again, severely; and the old gentleman immediately assumed a penitent attitude.

"Well, he's dead, anyhow," Uncle Tom went on, with professional glee; "and it's pretty sure now he's made no will but the one we know about. So, Iris, the position amounts to this—you're the mistress of six thousand a year—a great fortune, my dear! A very great fortune!"

"I hope I may be able to spend it wisely for the good of the world," Iris answered, with a sigh.

She was a trifle pale, but otherwise seemed about as calm as usual. Her calmness irritated Mrs. Knyvett inexpressibly.

"For goodness sake, Iris," she exclaimed, getting up as though she'd like to shake her, "do laugh, or cry, or scream, or do something just to show you understand the importance of your position. I never in my life knew such a girl as you are. When that Cambridge local or something was going to be announced the other day, you were as white as death and as agitated as—as a jelly; and now that you've come in to six thousand a year you're as calm over your good fortune as if six thousand a year were a kind of accident that cropped in upon one daily!"

"But the examination was so much more important to me," Iris answered gently, stroking her mother's hair, to prevent another sudden outburst of sobbing and laughing. "I did that myself, you see, by my own exertions; whereas this is a sort of adventitious external circumstance. It's not what one *has*, so much as what one *is*, that matters. . . . Besides, the question's really this: oughtn't Harold to have at least as much as I have?"

"God bless my soul, why?" Uncle Tom exclaimed, in extreme astonishment.

"Because, you know, we were both equally related to Sir Arthur by birth; and I should have felt it an injustice myself if Sir Arthur had left everything he had to Harold, and nothing to me. It would be a manifest inequality; and, as Aristotle says, in the 'Nicomachean Ethics,' equality is justice."

"But the law, my child," Uncle Tom exclaimed, aghast—"the law of the land—the law allows it. 'Perfect freedom of testamentary disposition,' Blackstone remarks, 'is the key-stone of the English law of bequest and inheritance.'"

"It may be the law," Iris made answer, unabashed; "but is it right, is it justice?"

Uncle Tom's hair stood on end with alarm at the heretical question. A lawyer who had spent the best part of his life in pleading probate cases to be set such a problem!

"They're the same thing, my dear," he made answer, gasping—"the self-same thing under two different aspects. The law defines and expresses clearly what is right and proper for a man to do in each particular instance; it lays down the strict principles of individual justice."

"Herbert Spencer thinks," the Third Classic went on, undismayed by his evident outburst of horror, "that law is merely the brute expression of the will of a real or practical majority—generally a dead majority: often an ignorant and prejudiced mediæval majority. He holds, in fact, that law in its essence—"

"Heaven bless the girl!" Uncle Tom exclaimed, stopping both his ears with his hands vigorously. "If she isn't going to lecture me on Political Economy! Why, haven't I already explained to you, miss, that you may do anything on earth with me, except two things—bandage my legs, and give me lectures on Political Economy. I desire to live and die a humble Christian, in complete ignorance of that hard-hearted science. Let's return to our muttens. Let me see, where were we?"

"I was saying," Iris went on, in her quiet firm way, "that I thought I ought to share this fortune with Harold, who seems to me to have quite equal claims to it with myself, uncle."

Uncle Tom's wrath seethed up rapidly to boiling point. "With Harold!" he cried out in an agony of disgust. "With that sneak! with that cur! with that incarnation of selfishness! Upon my soul, my dear, if you were to do such a quixotic thing as that, as long as I lived I should never speak another word to you."

"I should be very sorry for that," Iris answered, with a smile—"at least, if I believed it; more sorry than for anything else I could think of on earth; for I love you dearly; but if I thought it right, whether you meant it or not, I should have to do it."

"Iris!" her mother exclaimed, with a severe curve of the principal feature, "how on earth can you talk in such a way to your uncle! And after his unremitting kindness to you always!"

"We must first of all obey our consciences, mother," Iris replied gravely. "*Fiat justitia*, you know, *ruat cælum*."

What end this discussion of first principles might have reached between disputants so utterly without common premisses it would be hard to say, had not a diversion been suddenly effected by the entrance of the maid with a note for Miss Knyvett. "And the messenger's waiting in anansom for the answer, miss."

Iris read it through with some slight misgiving. "From Harold," she said shortly, and handed it to her uncle.

The barrister drew a long breath as he glanced at it angrily. "Too affectionate by half!" he cried. "The best and sweetest of cousins!" "In breatheless haste!" He's hedging, now. He's got wind of this, too, and he's going to propose to you. The scamp! the skunk! the disgusting vermin!"

Iris was too charitable to believe it true without maturer evidence. "We must wait and see," she said; "I don't want to prejudice him."

"It's true," Uncle Tom went on, with rising indignation; "I see through the cur. There's been double-dealing here. That scoundrel of a valet has taken pay from both of us alike, and sent us both an identical telegram. Harold knows he's cut off without appeal, and he wants to propose to you before you get the news and know what he's driving at."

"I hope not," Iris cried, flushing up with shame at the mere suggestion.

Uncle Tom was turning over the letter curiously. "Why, God bless my soul," he exclaimed with a start, "what's this upon the fly-leaf? What extraordinary marks! They look for all the world like the reverse of a letter." And he sat down to examine them with the close and patient scrutiny of an old hand in the Probate and Divorce Division.

CHAPTER XII.

CHECKMATE

AT ten o'clock, as Iris fingered the piano in the drawing-room alone (by special arrangement), a rat-tat at the door, loud but decorous, announced her cousin Harold's arrival. Iris's heart beat quickly for a minute; it was an ordeal to have to see him on such an errand alone, but she had made her mind up to learn the whole truth, cost what it might, and she would go through with it now to the bitter end at all hazards. A frail little thing on the bodily side, she was by no means wanting in moral courage; and here was an opportunity, a hateful opportunity, all ready to hand for testing her self-confidence.

As for Harold, he came up in evening dress, and in excellent

spirits; after all, it was only a temporary check; he would marry the fortune, if he couldn't inherit it. Any man nowadays can select his girl, and make tolerably sure of her, with a little attention! It's only a matter of casting your fly well. He wore a cream-coloured shirt with maidenhair, in his button-hole; his shirt front was rose, with maidenhair, in his button-hole; his shirt front was faultless, and his white tie of the most immaculate neatness. Women attach some importance to these trifles, you know, even though they happen to be Third Classics; and Harold Knyvett was well aware that his teeth were pearly, and his eyes cold blue, and his moustache the envy of the entire Civil Service. He entered with a look intended to be almost rapturous.

"How good of you, Iris," he cried, as he kissed her, though his cousin shrank away somewhat timidly from that doubtful kiss. "I see you understood me! That was ever so nice of you. And alone, too! This is more than I could have asked! What rare good fortune! I hardly expected to find you alone here."

"Mamma had a headache," Iris answered, with truth, for the shock and the hysteria had proved too much for the possessor of the aristocratic feature; "so she went to bed early. What did you want to see me about, Harold? Has anything unusual turned up since I saw you?"

"Nothing unusual, dearest," Harold went on, leaning forward, and looking profoundly in the direction of her averted eyes; "but a feeling I have long felt growing within me has come to a head at last; and this afternoon it broke over me suddenly, like a flash of inspiration, that I could no longer put off opening my whole heart to you."

Iris's hand trembled violently. She hated herself, she was so horribly guilty; it was such wicked duplicity to let him go on—she, who knew all the facts already. Yet she would play out the comedy to its natural close, come what might of it, for the sake of certainty. Harold noted her agitation, and misread its meaning. "I've nobbled her," he thought to himself, with a triumphant smile. "See how her hand trembles! But I'll play her gracefully a little longer. It's unsportsmanlike to gaff your fish too hastily."

So he went on once more, in a soft, low tone, taking her hand, half-unresisted, in his own, and playing with it tenderly, while Iris still kept her face studiously averted.

"Iris, one thing that made me think more particularly of this to-day is my strong desire there should be no shadow of mercenary feeling on either side between you and me, whose interests should be so identical in all things. Uncle Arthur's still alive. While he is, neither of us knows to which of the two, or in what proportion, the dear old gentleman will leave his money. Now I felt it borne in upon me with a sudden impulse this afternoon that it would be better if, before either of us was thus put in a position of superiority, so to speak, in worldly goods over the other, we were to let our hearts' secret out mutually. And for that I've come to you to-night. . . . Iris, I love you—I've always loved you, of course; but of late I've learnt what my love meant. Dare I hope, darling?" and he raised her hand tentatively, but with ardour, towards his thin lips, and was about to print upon it what seemed to him the appropriate warm kiss of a devoted lover.

Iris, however, could stand the strain of this false position no longer. Withdrawing her hand suddenly from his with a violent start, she took slowly from her pocket a note in his hand, and began to read some pencilled words, interspersed with ink, on the fly leaf of the letter. She spoke them out with a trembling voice, but with great clearness, to this unexpected purport:—

"DEAR HARDY,—

"The old man has popped off the hooks this afternoon at Aix, and, as far as I can make out—"

She had got no further when Harold, red as fire, with a sudden dart forward, tried to seize the compromising document from her hand; but Iris was too quick for him, and too relentless as well. She dashed the letter with one hand behind her back, then advancing to the gas, and facing him full, she held it up before him, and read to the very last line his note to his solicitor. She would let him see she understood to the full the whole depth and breadth of his unmanly baseness.

Harold Knyvett, well-bred sneak as he was, stood and listened shamefaced, now white as a curd. What could all this mean? What error had he committed? He knew he hadn't blundered the elementary blunder of putting the wrong letter by mistake into Iris's envelope. His good business habits, and his clock-work accuracy sufficed to save him from such a puerile scholar's mate from a woman as that; for he always subscribed each letter to its recipient at the bottom of the page with antique punctiliousness, and always took care to look, as he folded them, that subscription and superscription tallied exactly. All the more, therefore, was he nonplussed to understand how Iris had got hold of his note to Hardy. Could the fellow have betrayed him? Impossible! Impossible! But he stood there, with his face all livid to behold, and his eyes fixed hard upon the pattern of the carpet, till Iris had completed to the very last word her righteous torture.

"What does this mean, Iris?" he asked, angrily, as she folded it up with a smile and replaced it in the envelope.

"It means," Iris answered, handing him over the note, now she had quite finished it, with ironical courtesy, ". . . that you use too thick and too black a copying ink. I advise you in future, Harold, to employ some thinner kind if you wish to prevent a recurrence of this unfortunate exposure."

She was white as a sheet herself, but righteous indignation bore her through. The man should know he was detected and unmasked; he should writhe for his meanness whatever it cost her.

Harold took the note from her hand and gazed at it mechanically. He saw now at a glance the source of all these woes. The flyleaf of Iris's letter, laid downward in the copying-book, had taken a faint and half-illegible impression of his note to Hardy from the wet page opposite. In any other hands than Thomas Kynerley Whitmarsh's, those loose, sprawling daubs on the blank sheet would no doubt have meant rather less than nothing. But the distinguished Q.C. and great authority on probate cases had seen too many strange documents and forgeries in his time not to have become an adept in handwriting and all that appertained to it. No expert was enough to convict a man of sin before his scrutinising spectacles. By holding up the page to the light of the gas, he had been able to supply with dexterous pencil-strokes the missing portions of each word or letter, and to reconstruct, entire, the compromising epistle to Mr. Harold's solicitor. So skilfully had he built it all up, indeed, that even Iris herself could no longer doubt her cousin's meanness, nor could Harold, when confronted with his own handiwork, thus unexpectedly reproduced, venture to deny or explain away to her face his authorship of the letter.

The baffled schemer looked at Iris with cynical coldness. He had played his cards altogether too well. "Then it's all up," he said; for he knew when he was beaten; "it's all up, I suppose, between us?"

"Yes, it's all up," Iris answered, coldly; "and so far as I am concerned, Harold Knyvett, I do not any further desire the honour of your acquaintance. I tried to believe in you as long as I could, though I never liked you, and I never cared for you; I can believe in you no longer, and I wish to see no more of you."

Harold looked across at her with a curl on his lip. "Your new-come fortune has made you proud in a hurry," he sneered out, angrily. "But don't be too sure about it yet, my lady."

remember, Sir Arthur's title had a flaw in it from the first. What he bequeathed to you was, perhaps, from the very beginning, not his to bequeath you."

"I'm not concerned at present about Sir Arthur's title," Iris answered, cold as ice, and trembling violently, but still self-possessed; "I'm concerned only about your own shameful and cynical duplicity."

"Ah, that's all very well for you to say just now," Harold went on, taunting her, "while you're angry at a slight to your personal pretensions; but you won't think so by and by, you know, when you come to look into it. There *is* a flaw, and, whether you like it or not, you've got to face it. Sir Arthur knew it, and you'd better know it, too, if you're really and truly Sir Arthur's inheritor. The old gentleman came into the property himself on the strength of affidavits to the effect that his second brother Clarence had predeceased his eldest brother Alexander, having been killed in action in crushing a native insurrection in Algeria, in or about the year 1868, if I remember rightly. The Courts would have accepted the affidavits, perhaps, if the claim had been opposed, and, perhaps, they wouldn't. But as no opposition was raised, administration was granted, and Sir Arthur was allowed to succeed quietly. However, there was a flaw in the evidence for all that. And I'll tell you the flaw, to let you see how little I'm afraid of you. Clarence Knyvett's body was never recovered, or never identified. He was only missing, not certainly killed. And as he had run away from England to avoid serious unpleasantness in the matter of a criminal charge preferred against him by his own father, and as he was serving in the French army, under an assumed name, to avoid detection, the question of identification was by no means an easy one. Sir Arthur went over to Algiers to settle it, to be sure, and satisfied himself (as indeed he had every reason to be easily satisfied) that Clarence Knyvett had died in fact at the date assigned. But many soldiers of his old regiment did not believe it. They thought he'd sneaked off, and hidden among the natives. And if Clarence Knyvett's now alive, he's the owner of the property; and if he's dead, dying at a later date than Alexander, his children, if any, and not *you*, are the inheritors of his estate!"

As he spoke, Iris faced him with cold contempt in every line of her face.

"Is that all you have to tell me?" she asked, severely, as soon as he'd finished.

"No," Harold answered, losing his head with rage, "that's not all. I've something more to tell you. You won't like to hear it, but I'll tell you for all that. One bad turn deserves another. Unless a later will of Sir Arthur's turns up leaving the property in a more equitable manner—as it may do any day—I shall never rest satisfied till I've hunted up Clarence Knyvett, his heirs and representatives, and turned you out of the doubtful inheritance to which you've probably no real title. So now you know what you've got to reckon with."

"And if another will *does* turn up," Iris rejoined, quietly, though with ashy lips, "leaving the property entirely to you, you'll accept Sir Arthur's claims without hesitation, and let Uncle Clarence's heirs, if he ever had any, go without the inheritance to which they have probably the best title! . . . Is that what you mean? . . . Harold, you may go!" And, rising her full height, she pointed to the door. "You had only one friend in your own family," she said, "and you've succeeded to-night in turning her against you."

Harold took up his hat, and went. On the landing, he paused. "Remember," he called back, with a parting shot, "I'll not rest till I've brought the rightful heirs to light against you."

Then he walked down the stairs, and emerged, all on fire, into the gaslit streets of fog-bound Kensington.

As soon as he felt the fresh air on his brow, however, he recognised with a rush how serious a mistake he had committed in his anger. Another will *might* turn up any day—a sensible will, in his own favour—and then they would have this handle of the flaw in the title to use against him. Or if another will *did not* turn up—well, it was absurd to think that a man of education and technical skill like himself—a man of resource and energy and wit—a man, above all, possessed of the precious and invaluable quality of unscrupulousness—should let himself be diddled out of a splendid estate by a pack of women, for no better reason than just because a piece of dirty paper with a few names scratched upon it was not duly forthcoming from Sir Arthur's davenport. It's easy enough, of course, to copy a signature, any fool can do that. Sir Arthur *ought* to have altered that will; he *meant* to alter it; he *all but did* alter it. How perfectly simple to—well, to alter it posthumously for the dilatory old man, in accordance with his own obvious and expressed intentions.

Forgery, they call it, in the coarse, blunt dialect of the Probate and Divorce Division.

But in that case, as things stood, he had put a weapon into Iris's hands which she might possibly be inclined to use against him. Well, now that the matter had gone so far wrong, the best way in the end would perhaps be to let them prove the existing will, which would commit them to acceptance of Sir Arthur's claim; and after that, whenever the—the new hypothetical will turned up (and it *should* turn up; on that he was decided) they would find it less easy to fight the matter against him. Meanwhile, to annoy them, he'd hunt up his Uncle Clarence's business, too. The man very likely was still alive. Any weapon's good enough to use against an enemy.

An enemy! And yet, what a splendid creature that girl was, after all! He had never admired her so much in his life before as when she confronted him like a wild-cat, in her anger, to-night. That righteous indignation became her magnificently. By Jove, she was grand! What a fool he'd been not to marry her long ago! Why, let alone the fortune, she was a girl any man might be proud to marry for her own sake any day—if he meant marrying. She was so pretty, so clever, and had such funds of character! And he'd noticed the other afternoon, as they drove back from Staines in a friend's open carriage, she was the only woman that ever lived who held her parol of deliberate purpose at such an angle as not entirely to shut out the view of all surrounding objects from her male companion.

A splendid creature, and a most undoubted heiress. But as a woman alone, well worth the sacrifice.

He wished to goodness, now, indeed, he'd married her off hand a couple of years since. Nay, more, in his own cold, selfish way, he awoke with a start to the solemn fact that he wanted that woman. As far as was possible to such a nature as his, he was in love with Iris—and he had only just that very evening discovered it.

(To be continued)

THE MARLOWE MEMORIAL COMMITTEE, of which Lord Coleridge is the Chairman, is appealing for funds to erect some work in sculpture to the memory of Christopher Marlowe at Canterbury where the poet-dramatist was born in 1564. The Committee include many names well known in modern literature, and amongst others those of Lord Tennyson, Robert Browning, James Russell Lowell, A. C. Swinburne, Edmund Gosse, Henry Irving, Andrew Lang, Leslie Stephen. Subscriptions will be received by the Treasurer of the Fund, Mr. Sidney L. Lee, 26, Brondesbury Villas, N.W. The present year is thought to be an appropriate time for erecting such a memorial as it is the tercentenary of the production of *Dr. Faustus* and, probably, of *Tambraine*.

THE much derided Lady-Guide Association has now a practical existence. Miss Davis, the promoter, of 5, Lauderdale Road, Maidstone, tells of numerous applications already, not only from ladies who wish to qualify for the work proposed, but from those who desire to avail themselves of their services. The former are, she says, competent, energetic, and cultivated women (such as the world is full of), and the latter are honest seekers after culture and time-saving principles.

There are to be reception-rooms, where people visiting London may meet their friends, or have rest and refreshment ; there is to be a bank for the convenience of visitors who may not wish to carry about, or leave at fixed salaries, will be on the spot to attend to them; and ladies, hired at fixed salaries, will be on the spot to attend to them; upon timid or unaccustomed sightseers, to map out a plan of pleasure, to advise as to expenses and relative advantages, and, in a word, to put all straight as only a practised eye, hand, and brain can.

Those not used to London will find the comfort of these pleasures, and those who pride themselves on their familiarity with the mazes of town need not despise the help of one yet more "up in" the newest ideas, sights, or "lions" of the moment. For it will be a *sine qua non* that these guides must move with the times and must hourly watch the changes of the great kaleidoscope, and be ready to adapt themselves to its varying patterns. Each is to carry a copyright certificate, with the address of the Central Office, and to wear a bracelet of special design. No gratuities are to be accepted. Every candidate for the post will be required to pass an examination, and will be then placed in first, second, or third class, and her qualifications noted in detail. Of course terms will vary, according to these classes, and not only guides will be provided by the Society, but also governesses, companions, *chaperones*, and attendants, temporary or permanent, who will have the recommendation of the Association as an insurance of competency. Not only will all this open up to women of culture much really-needed and lucrative work, but the secretaries, book-keepers, &c., will be chosen from among the ranks of ladies desirous of employment, and very likely, ere long, we shall see branch offices opening all over the country; for it is difficult for a stranger in any large town to know exactly where to go, what to see, and how best to do it. That these lady-guides must be women of culture and refinement, goes without saying.

Ordinary guides are, as Mark Twain says, "necessary nuisances." Their officiously-proffered services are a bore to the nervous stranger, and, if accepted, are generally found to consist of a parrot-like repetition of a stereotyped story, a more or less arbitrary disposal of the victim's time and money, and a complete obliviousness to the fact that their presence goes far to spoil the pleasure which, in theory, it is to serve. The average guide knows nothing beyond his own narrow groove; a chance question, an intelligent by-way of remark, or a pause of curiosity, he looks upon as deviation from established rules, outside of which he is helpless and ignorant. But a cultivated, well-informed lady will be not only a guide, but also a philosopher and friend.

The distracting pages of a guide-book are poor substitutes for such a leader. Books are all very well as reminders, but they are bewildering at the moment, and the tourist often wastes time and patience in learning how to deal with his newly-purchased *vade-mecum*.

To have cab difficulties, questions of where to lunch, how best to arrive at what we seek, how to grapple with the numerous exigencies of a rush of sight-seeing in our vast metropolis all solved and settled for us, almost before we know they have arisen, will, indeed, be a boon. How pleasantly the retrospect of a week in town will linger in the memory, as the tired traveller enjoys well-earned rest in the country home, with the assurance that neither time nor money have been wasted on the means, instead of spent on the end.

Nor can any unprejudiced thinker stigmatise as "unwomanly" that which a woman can do best to smooth the thorny path, and guide the hesitating steps of the novice. If a fair day's pay be earned for a fair day's work, so much the better. Women are very complex, far more adaptable to circumstances than most men, more patient and forbearing, altogether better fitted than any man could be for a task requiring readiness of resource, and attention to detail.

The majority of the lady-guides will have to be good linguists, not only so as to conduct the foreigner who is innocent of English, but also that they may deal with foreign allusions, decipher inscriptions, and act, if required, as Continental travelling companions. For on the Continent the guide is even a greater nuisance than at home, cropping up everywhere, with defective English, free and easy manners, and total disregard for English prejudices. To feel independent of these hangers-on would indeed sweeten a month's travel, as will a prospect of a run up to London lose all its terrors when we know that, if we send a post-card to the Lady-Guides' Association Office, some one will meet us and guide us, and accompany us whither we wish, either on business or pleasure bent.

The cavillers cry out against the mere idea of women guiding men! As if they were not doing so in thousands, every hour of every day! Why should all this be done under the rose? That may be all very well in domestic life, but even social amenities no longer seek to hide the fact of woman's subtle supremacy in directions where weightier brains may fail. "Ce que femme veut, Dieu le veut" touches a verity. Women are usually the best of travellers, so here is a talent ready made wherewith to benefit mankind. A spirited letter, signed "A Discredited Matron," appeared in the *Standard* lately, in response to an article in that paper on the new proposal. The writer of the letter pleaded guilty to having successfully fulfilled the office for years, not only for visitors to London of her own sex, but for friends and friends' friends of "the male persuasion." It seems like looking out for improprieties, like trying to manufacture them, to take exception to the formation and fulfilment of a business contract, because one at least of the parties is a cultivated gentlewoman. Surely the lady-guides will very soon silence the tongue of the vulgar, and disappoint the eye of the scrutator, by a simple and independent course of duty.

M. F. II.



JEAN ROCH COIGNET was born of poor parents in the Department of Yonne in 1776. He was in his youth shepherd, carter, and stable-boy. When a young man, he joined the army and saw service in many lands. Montebello was his first battle; his next Marengo. He was in the camp at Boulogne when Napoleon threatened England with invasion, and fought through the campaigns in Austria, Prussia, and Poland. After Tilsit he was made corporal, and, later, sergeant. Just before the retreat from Moscow he was made lieutenant, and finally he was promoted to captain's rank. During the Hundred Days he again joined Napoleon; then married; and finally settled down to a placid country life. This tough old soldier left behind him an autobiography, and this M. Lordan Larchey has printed from the original MS., which is in the

round, uneducated hand of the man of little education. Originally published some time ago, the work is now reissued, slightly condensed, and with all the honours which fine paper and numerous excellent illustrations can give it. M. J. le Blant has prepared for this edition eighteen full-page drawings reproduced by héliogravure and over sixty smaller designs scattered among the text, and reproduced by the Guillaume process. "Les Cahiers du Capitaine Coignet" (Paris : Hachette et Cie., 79, Boulevard Saint-Germain), is therefore a very fine volume. Its type is large and clear, its margins ample, and M. le Blant's vigorous battle-pieces are printed with all the care which such excellent designs merit. As for the letter-press, it has, says M. Lorédan Larchey in his preface, the sincerity and reality belonging to a narrator of the first rank, a man who has style without knowing it. The old soldier tells his adventures tersely, vividly, and sometimes with humour ; and the book gives a valuable picture of what the soldier's life was like in the great days of Napoleon's successes. The prosaic horror of some parts of the story, and also of some of M. le Blant's pictures, recalls the pages of MM. Erckmann-Chatrian.

Michelet, most brilliant and most sentimental of French historians, drew, as most people know, a tender and romantic picture of Joan of Arc, a pure and pious counterblast to the infamous "Pucelle" of Voltaire. For book-lovers Michelet's "Jeanne d'Arc" (Hachette et Cie.) is now published in an *édition de luxe*, with ten etchings, after the designs of Bida, by such masters as Boilvin, Boulard, Champollion; Courty, Gély-Bichard, Milius, and Monziès. The drawings are full of spirit and sympathy, and the etchings are in every case admirable.

M. Louis Paulian has compiled, under the title "*La Poste aux Lettres*" (Hachette et Cie.), an interesting account of the working of the postal system in France. Treating the subject chronologically, he first deals with couriers, semaphores, and other ancient means of transmitting news, passing on to the diligence of the pre-railway days. By far the larger part of the book is occupied with a description of the existing postal arrangements: the central post-office in the Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau, the means of sorting and distributing letters, the travelling post-offices with their apparatus for receiving and depositing mail-bags without stopping the trains, the country postmen, and the foreign mails. A chapter on the invention of the adhesive stamp (suggested, says M. Paulian, by Emile de Girardin before it was proposed by Rowland Hill), gives completeness to the work, and a number of illustrations add to its clearness and interest.

A worthy and solid piece of book-making is "La Belgique," by Camille Lemonnier (Hachette et Cie). It is a large, presentable volume of nearly 750 pages, illustrated by more than 300 woodcuts. Perhaps in no single case are these engravings of the first merit; and being printed with the text on paper which, though good, is neither thick nor very highly glazed, they are not shown quite at their best. Judging them by a less exacting standard, however, the engravings must be pronounced, for a book of this kind, excellent popular art. Some of the views of buildings, notably those of the spire of the Antwerp Cathedral, and the Hotel de Ville at Brussels, are very effective; and the pretty landscape pieces on the Meuse are by no means lacking in feeling and delicacy. It would be difficult, we imagine, to name any important building, any well-known statue or street fountain, any great picture, any large manufactory, or any popular landscape in the whole of Belgium which is not illustrated in this book; and the engravings taken together give a very striking impression of the art, the commerce, and the natural beauty of the country. The letterpress is ample and complete. M. Lemonnier has avoided all overprinting, and has aimed at clearness and exactitude.

"Speeches and Addresses of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, 1863-1888 (John Murray) is a volume of marked interest and importance. That the Prince is an extremely busy man, always ready to give his time to any philanthropic or benevolent cause, everyone knows; but it is not every one who knows how very ably he acquires himself on the occasions of these public functions. A study of the many speeches in this volume will be almost a revelation to a large section of the public. They show a range of thought, and a facility and power of expression which place the Prince of Wales almost on a level with the best of our public speakers; and the merits of the speeches are the more apparent when we consider the difficult circumstances which accompany the utterances of all constitutional Princes. The first speech in the volume is that delivered at the Royal Academy banquet in 1863; the last is that at the Great Northern Hospital in July, 1888. The book is edited by Dr. James Macaulay, who has done his work with excellent taste, avoiding the extremes of flattery.

To the energy of a local publisher, Mr. G. Woolley, 2, Bull Ring, Ludlow, is due an excellent work on "Ludlow Town and Neighbourhood." The author of the book is Mr. Oliver Baker, who has not only written the letterpress, but has also profusely illustrated it. Mr. Baker is a Fellow of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers, and his drawings (reproduced in *facsimile* by the Typographic Etching Company) are distinguished by delicate feeling and great executive skill. The book is for the artist and the archaeologist; and without going too deeply into ancient records it gives a full account of the stirring history of Ludlow Castle and town. Ludlow Castle is to this day one of the noblest ruins in England, and its history is as changeful and romantic as any. After the Revolution it was permitted to decay, a process hastened in the reign of George I. by the stripping of the lead from the roofs. Mr. Baker has not only fully illustrated and described the Castle, but he has done the same for the surrounding country, and he gives full details of all the chief walks and drives in the neighbourhood.

"Letters From and To Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq." (2 vols.; William Blackwood and Sons), would unquestionably have been much more interesting if his literary executors had not allowed forty years to elapse since Sharpe's death before publishing them. Perhaps, too, we may doubt whether Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe was himself important enough to have two thick volumes devoted to his correspondence. He was a Scotchman of some literary eminence, he could write a good letter, was an intimate friend of Sir Walter Scott, and could make an excellent pen-and-ink sketch. But all that peep now want to remember about Sharpe could easily go into one volume instead of two. Half the letters written to him by the titled nonentities whose names figure in the index might certainly be omitted with advantage. Sharpe's friendship with Scott is perhaps his chief claim to recollection. It is curious, seeing that Sharpe was a literary man, how few of the real leaders of thought he knew or apparently cared to know. We find a letter to him from "Monk" Lewis, and occasional, though slight, references to Byron and Shelley. Burns, too, wrote him one of his best letters; but of Carlyle, Chalmers, Hogg, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, or Lamb, we hear nothing. Here and there in the numerous letters one may pick out a fact which is amusing or interesting, and all the sketch-portraits (of which many are represented in *facsimile*) are worth looking at. That of Queen Elizabeth dancing is quite as good as Doyle's on the same subject. Generally speaking, however, the pages are tedious and barren, and Sharpe's constant habit of caustic speech, even about his friends, does not improve our estimate of his character.

Those who take up "Symbols and Legends of Freemasonry," by J. Finlay Finlayson (George Kenning, 16, Great Queen Street), in the hope of finding the secrets of Freemasonry revealed, will be disappointed. Mr. Finlayson's little book does not deal with the proceedings of Lodges. It is simply an historical essay on

such symbols as the circle, the triangle, the cube, the arch, mason's marks, and so on, which are known to be associated not only with Masonry, but with the religious symbolism of many nations. Mr. Finlayson traces the use of these symbols from the earliest days in India, Chaldea, and Egypt, ascribing their origin to the desire of the human mind to represent pictorially the ideas of eternity, the spirit of water, or the spirit of fire. With the records of ancient Indian and Egyptian worship he combines Biblical texts, thus trying to show the universality in the ancient world of certain esoteric teachings withheld from the masses of the people. It would not be difficult to pick many holes in Mr. Finlayson's deductions. His method is far from scientific. But the little book will doubtless interest many freemasons, and it may well lead them to a deeper study of the symbolism of the craft.

Readers of Lady Margaret Domville's "Life of Lamartine" (Kegan Paul), will form a very different opinion of the poet-Statesman from that usually held in England. Most of us think that in both capacities he was a mass of affectation, his poetry being as sickly-sentimental as his speeches were egotistic. Lady Domville leaves his poetry, of which she gives a few apposite extracts here and there, to speak for itself. For his behaviour during the trying crisis of 1848, she trusts chiefly to the testimony of Lord Normanby—an eye and ear witness, and certainly not a partial one. The man who, being then a Royalist, was so loved by his peasants that a body of them came in from St. Point to Macon and helped him to disinter his mother and carry her through the snow to the village churchyard, and who, seventeen years after stood up at the Hôtel de Ville against a howling mob, one of whom wounded his hand with a pike, and, by his unaided force of character, changed the cry "Traitors to the lantern; we will have the red flag," to "Long live the Provisional Government; long live Lamartine; up with the tricolour," could have been no namby-pamby dreamer. As we read, we feel Lady Domville does not say too much when she calls him "the Bayard of civic contest." The whole book is full of interest, from the love-match (so rare in France) of his mother, to the sad tale of his money difficulties, which, like Sir W. Scott, he made superhuman efforts to get rid of by his periodicals, "Le Conseiller du Peuple," "Le Civilisateur," the "Cours d'Entretiens Littéraires." This last kept up its 30,000 subscribers; and the poet, before the closing gloom had settled on him, had the satisfaction of meeting all just claims.

Mr. W. Miller, Principal of the Madras Christian College thinks that Palestine, "The Least of all Lands" (Blackie), is best as a land of ruins. Had Jerusalem been left as Samaria has been, how easily we could identify the holy places. "The country will never be important again, and this is as it should be." His military topography of the Vale of Elah, the Gilboa mountains, &c., is careful; and he shows that in the Elah battle Saul won by practising a self-restraint, the lack of which at Senlac lost Harold II. his life and England her freedom.

Mr. Christy is, of course, technically correct in classing among proverbs terse sayings from authors of all dates; for doubtless every proverb had a father or mother, and why should not Byron and Keats be accounted proverb-makers as well as Solomon and "Poor Richard?" His title, however, "Proverbs, Maxims, and Phrases of All Ages" (Fisher Unwin), corrects the narrowness of his preface, and explains why he has culled largely from "*Punch*, the inimitable, and has also admitted commonplaces from Socrates and Cicero; while his determination to fill two volumes accounts for "He who gives mankind a new food-product is a benefactor," and similar puerilities. He makes no attempt at scholarship. Of the history of proverbs, of their bearing on national character, he says not a word. He ignores the whole class of "saws" (such as the remark, "Now you're going to scold," if Hodge sets his boots on the the table), and it is specially disappointing that he should not have marked off American proverbs (there must be many) so far as they can be ascertained. He shows his wisdom by strongly insisting that "one who basely deserted his benefactor living, and disgracefully defamed him dead" could not have written "Shakespeare." On the other hand, he shows his ignorance by labelling as *German Dutch* "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord!" Nevertheless, all reserves made, he has compiled two handsome volumes.

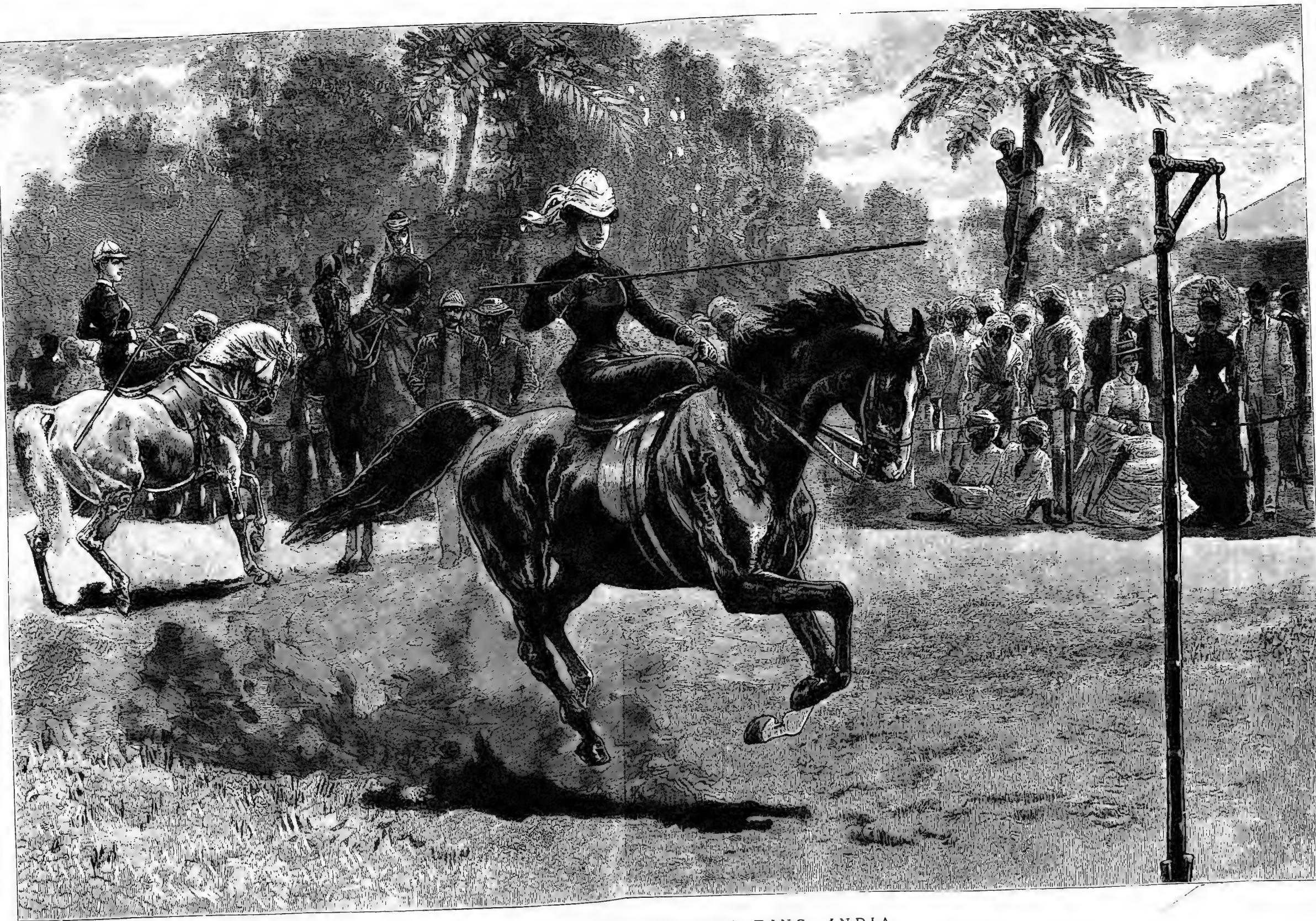


MESSRS. FORSYTH BROTHERS.—Five capital pieces for the drawing-room, by Heinrich Lichner, are: "Liebes Lust und Leid," a *charakterstück*, "Frühlings Traum," a sparkling *improvisé*, "Im Schönen Mai;" "Elfentanz," and "La Capricieuse." They are of more than average merit.

C. JEFFERYS.—"One" is the significant title of a simple loveditty, by J. Vance Cheney and S. Emily Oldham.—Of the same tender type is "Thou Art My Queen," words by Edward Oxenford, music by G. Tartaglione.—There is sterling merit in "Sonata for violin and pianoforte," by A. H. Behrend.—Two pleasing pianoforte pieces for the drawing-room are respectively "Wayside Fancies" (arranged from Pizzicata in A), by Theo. Ward, and "*Folâtre* Mazurka," by H. A. Jefferys.—Although Michael Watson's brain was evidently haunted by national Scotch tunes when he composed a "Highland Fling in G," he has succeeded in producing a very spirited and dance-provoking specimen of its school.—"Châteaux en Espagne Valse," by Alfred H. Digby, and "*Le Militaire* Schottische," by Louis Weyner, will take a good place in a ball programme.

MESSRS. METZLER AND CO.—How often on the dark winter evenings do we hear the request from the little ones, "Please sing me a song," this is the title of a dainty little volume which contains a charming collection of songs on those themes so dear to childhood, birds, insects, and flowers, with an occasional sermonette on some naughty tricks peculiar to our youthful days. The melodious simple tunes are by R. B. Addison, the poetry is by May Chater and Ellis Walton, who have each done her and his part well.—"Ten Songs," music by Lawrence Kellie, words by various popular poets, will prove a useful adjunct to the amateur's music portfolio.—By the above-named composer is the pretty music of a ballad, "You Ask Me Why I Love." The words are by Effie Sharpe.—A song which will take a good position in the ballad ranks is "The Lifted Veil," words by Fred. E. Weatherly, music by Joseph Barnby.—"Midsummer Night" is a very taking song with an *obligato* violin or violoncello accompaniment, written and composed by Warham St. Leger and Percy Reeve.—Juvenile singers, or those who sing for their amusement, will be charmed with "The Butterfly and the Humble Bee." The comical words are by Henry Rose, the music by J. M. Coward.—"Original Compositions" for violin and piano, by H. M. Higgs, contains six fairly easy and neatly-written pieces for drawing-room performance.—"The Vanguard March," by the above-named composer, is a spirited and useful drawing-room piece.

MESSRS. B. SCHOTT AND SONS.—Sixteen "Lieder, by Emanuel Moor, with German and English words, are refined and very pleasing.—Two attractive piano-forte pieces of Henri Ravina, are "La Séduisante, a Réverie," and "Menuet."—The same may be said of "Gavotte" (in Sol), for the violin, with pianoforte accompaniment by Guillaume Frank. — And "La Pécadora Habanera," by D. Costa.



LADIES TILTING AT THE RING, INDIA

SKETCHES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER IN EGYPT

(Continued from the Supplement)

THE fellaheen followers of the Egyptian cavalry, on their Arab ponies, are ready to do gendarmery, or any other, duty, and a hobbledohoy alone enjoys the commonly universal, and dirt-cheap cigarette. The Italian or Greek steward goes ashore to bargain for provisions, and a policeman stimulates the steps of a deck-hand, who is carrying on board a couple of the little sheep of the country. Far enough back from the river, to escape the annual inundations, is seen Kenneh, like any other town in the Nile Valley, of mud or adobe houses, and mosques, which present a painful whiteness under the blinding sun. On such a scene, many of our fellow-countryfolks are looking to-day as they travel in the much-improved steamers between Assiout and Assouan, or between Assouan and Wady Halfa, enjoying the air fresh from the everlasting desert, and the heat that would be oppressive under the cloudless sky, were it not for the steady breeze from the north, which compensates the equatorial regions for the water that is ever flowing from them. None but those who have made a trip on the Nile can realise what is the effect of the constant contemplation of the Desert on either hand—on this side ever fawn-colour, on that always bright golden. If that petty chief on the east side of Victoria Nyanza but knew his power and let the water off towards Zanzibar, how desolate this immemorial land would become! The Nile would be, even as its tributary the Atbara in the dry season, little better than a chain of pools. The desert sand would drink up the Blue Nile as the Seistan Marsh absorbs the Helmund on the borders of Afghanistan and Persia; Cairo would become desolate, and Alexandria would be forsaken to a handful of fishermen. In a few years the name of Egypt would only linger in history, for the desert would before long fill up the bed that even now scarcely holds water from April till June sufficient to float a Thames penny steamer. As it is, who would give a pound a year for the whole country, excluding the river valley? The Nile is the life of the land. The people, Christian or Moslem, fellahs or Turks, Arabs or negroes, white or black or bronze, slave or free, owe all to the river that scoops its way through its own silt, and tumbles over so many heart-breaking reefs of limestone, or granite, or sandstone. They can or, at any rate, will do little for themselves, they and their forbears have grown so accustomed to the river doing everything for them that life would not be worth living were they called upon to attempt such work as even idle people achieve in the bleak North. They will not even accept improvements on the water-wheels that patient and meek-eyed oxen turn to give the thirsty land to drink. What their fathers were they are and wish to be. Here and there a little energy is for a while infused into them by European enterprise; but it does not last. Nothing lasts save the fatalism and fanaticism, one of which dulls the suffering of the slave, the other excites the peasant to deeds of desperate heroism. These are the people and this is the land whose features live in Lady Butler's pictures, of which we shall present three other examples next week.

C. W.

NEW NOVELS

THE nine stories collected by Mr. Walter Herries Pollock under the affected title of "Nine Men's Morrice" (1 vol.: Longmans) are of interest rather to the author's fellow-craftsmen, as literary experiments, than to the reader who cares more for the result than for the construction of a story. The best of them belong to the literature of dreams; and so altogether admirable is the story called "Lady Volant" from this point of view that the most expert analyst may be defied to decide, from internal evidence, whether it is a skilfully invented nightmare or whether it is the only slightly-coloured account of a real one. Every experienced dreamer will delight in the recognition of events and touches which can belong to Queen Mab alone. "Lilith," the principal tale in the volume, is not professedly a dream, but it might very well have been suggested by one; though dealing with passion, both of the strong and of the subtle kind, it never emerges from the twilight atmosphere by which all romantic improbabilities and mysteries are justified—at the conclusion, one wonders, as when waking from some vivid dream, how such things could have seemed so real while we were under their charm; and, it must be added, with the thought the charm fades. Whether "Knurr and Spell" be satire or comic nightmare (there is such a thing) or simple mystification, or two of these things, or all of them, readers must decide for themselves. Which ever decision is formed, Mr. Pollock will doubtless be able to have even a better laugh at his readers than they at his contribution to the literature in which what seems nonsense is sense, and what seems sense is nonsense. The remaining stories are comparatively not worth mentioning; and two or three must have been introduced merely for the sake of making up the title.

Mary E. Mann, in "A Lost Estate" (3 vols.: Bentley and Son), has bestowed good work upon as disagreeable, indeed repulsive, a plot as can well be imagined. A complication of moral disease finds dénouement in an actual operation for tracheotomy, under circumstances which, however heroic in fact, are anything but suitable for fiction, which fails in its essence when it fails to please. The goodness of the work, however, is not to be denied, despite the want of relief from the prevailing tone of gloom. The characters, despite their multitude, are wonderfully distinct and alive, the reader gets to know them so soon and so well as to render their sins and their degradations all the more painful. Even the finest and noblest seem to be rendered sympathetic only to be clouded. We cannot give higher praise to the novel than by saying that it is so powerful in its way as to make one wish to forget it all as quickly as possible.

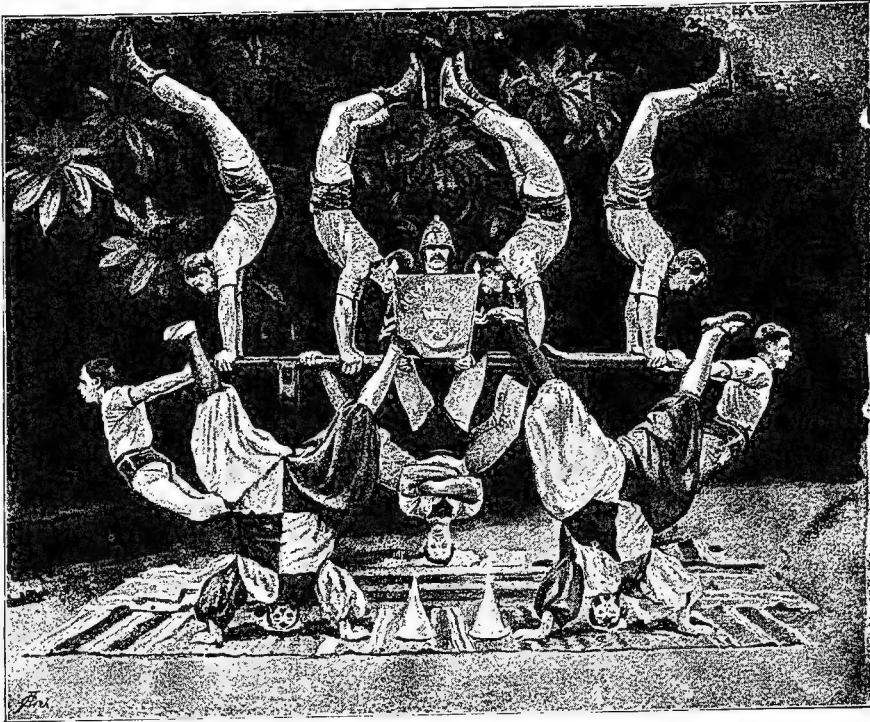
"Faithful and Unfaithful," by Margaret Lee (1 vol.: Macmillan and Co.), is, with an altered title, the American novel which, it has been stated, was to receive the advertisement of a review by Mr. Gladstone. We should imagine Mr. Gladstone to be quite capable of writing on the law of divorce in the United States upon its facts, uncoloured by rather dull and washy fiction. The view of the writer seems to be that the conflict of laws on the subject may lead to gross wrong when taken advantage of by unscrupulous persons—which is certain; and that a difference of status ought to be made, in respect of divorce, between ecclesiastical and civil marriages, which is, to say the least, exceedingly doubtful. In short, the whole of the subject dealt with is for statesmen and jurists, not for novelists. For the rest, Margaret Lee's tale contains plenty of sensible remarks concerning matrimony, most of which we seem to have read a good many hundred times before. What Mr. Gladstone is going to make of the novel, of course we know not; but it is decidedly improbable that, under the most favourable conditions, it will become another "Robert Elsmere" in point of vogue

"Baboe Dalima; or, the Opium Fiend" (1 vol.: Vizetelly and Co.), is a prodigiously long and heavy novel, translated by the Rev. E. J. Venning from the Dutch of T. H. Perelaer, dealing with the iniquities of the opium trade in Java. Apart from its romantic episodes and its descriptions of scenery, it is an elaborate indictment, largely drawn up in the shape of formal argument and discussion, freely weighted with statistics, against the Dutch Government, both home and colonial—the home for its indifference to the colonies, except as a means of balancing the Budget, and the colonial for carrying on an infamous traffic in a still more infamous manner, in order to satisfy the rapacity at home. If the author of "Baboe Dalima" is right, Java is nothing more or less than a moral plague-spot, given over to every sort and kind of horrible iniquity—indeed, so black is the picture that persons who can manage to wade through half his novel will perform suspect him of overcolour. Such questions as these ought to be treated seriously. As it is, "Baboe Dalima" is terribly like a blue-book, only, being a novel, without the trustworthiness of one. For adepts in the art of skipping, however, it will be of interest, as describing life in an exceedingly unfamiliar region.

"The Grey Lady of Hardcastle: Edited by a Friend of the Family" (1 vol.: Burns and Oates), is of exceedingly little account as a ghost story: indeed the ghost might, without being missed, be dropped out of the tale altogether. The real plot is the conversion of very amiable young people to the Roman Catholic Church; and it is not often that a controversial story is written with such good taste, such respect for hostile opinions and the minds and motives of opponents, and such entire absence of sentimentality. For the rest, the work is of small value; and least of all as fiction. It is worth mention, however, for the sake of a breadth and reasonableness of tone which in fiction of its class, on whichever side it is written, is painfully rare. The chief part of the scene is appropriately laid within sight of the tomb of Chateaubriand.

AN ASSAULT OF ARMS AT BELGAUM, BOMBAY

OUR engraving represents an assault of arms by the men of the 2nd Battalion Somerset Light Infantry stationed at Belgaum. The performance took place in the Theatre Royal, and the chief performers were Lance Corporals Craddock and Williams, and Privates Guard, Lewry, Huddy, Hague, Ricketts, and Vowls—Corporal Craddock's movements being described as being "the personification of strength, grace, and ease." The groups were extremely pretty, and, being illuminated by coloured lights, were most effective,



more especially the one representing the Prince of Wales' Feathers, which was much applauded. The performance included bayonet, shield and singletstick contests, feats on the trapeze and horizontal bar, and other athletic exercises, and were interspersed with pantomimic sketches by Messrs. Brocklehurst and Johnstone as the clowns "Joey" and "Billy," aided by Mr. Morse as the "Phantom Bobby." The clowns also caused much amusement by mimicking, on a smaller trapeze, some of the most difficult feats, substituting humour for grace in their performances.

PARISIAN STUDENTS AND BOHEMIANS

IN all times of political turmoil the students of Paris contrive to get themselves well talked about, and their demonstrations a short time since for and against General Boulanger showed that they still keep up the traditions handed down to them by their equally noisy predecessors. This tendency to political enthusiasm and general inclination to take part in popular agitation, frequently for the fun of the thing, may be said to form the characteristic trait which unites the relatively prosperous student of the present day with those seedy Bohemians described by Murger, who were always hunting for five-franc pieces. We are far from the days when an unbrushed and battered beaver, flowing locks which had nothing of Hyperion about them save their length, a display of linen not at all snowy, coupled with a strong odour of rough-cut Caporal, caused many an alumnus of the schools or studios to be regarded as a clever fellow who would one day set the Seine on fire. Bohemian attire and idiosyncrasies are ridiculed nowadays in the Latin Quarter, as well as every where else, and the student who should present himself in a lecture-hall with greasy locks and grimy linen would soon be socially ostracised by his fellows. In the headquarters of so-called Bohemianism of the present day, namely, the tavern of the "Chat Noir," near Montmartre, the students, poetsasters, and budding painters who patronise the establishment often wear evening dress, and their female companions far outshine in gorgeousness of apparel the anæmic and poorly-clad women who figure in the pages of Murger and Albert Smith. "Passant, sois moderne" is the motto on the walls of this eccentric hostelry, and although the customers of the place frequently cultivate the Fine Arts on rather brief commons and indifferent beer, they manage to forswear the objectionable habits of their forerunners in Bohemia, and to be as modern as good clothes and clean plastrons can make them. Montmartre is consequently becoming modernised by degrees, just like the artistic haunts on the other side of the river, and the contingents of unkempt

artists who visit the Salon on "Varnishing Day" are becoming thinner every year.

An affectation of Bohemianism has also been kept up by a few successful men like Alphonse Daudet, Jules Claretie, the late Charles Monselet, and others, who used to meet now and then in a tavern in the Latin Quarter to eat a cheap dinner, and to talk over old times. They do this, however, principally for the purpose of dazzling the gallery and the provincials, who still firmly believe that Bohemianism flourishes in all its pristine vigour. There are no Bohemian students in the Paris of to-day, just as there are none of those female frauds called *grisettes*. The *grisettes* were all very well in print, and had a romantic halo about them. But Gavarni's caricatures of the students and *grisettes* of his time are, perhaps, truer to nature than those literary types, among which were Mimi Pinson and Francine. In one of these the pictorial Juvenal depicted a student about to enter the doors of the Clinical School. The youth is pursued by a too faithful *grisette*, who shouts out, presumably within hearing of solemn professors and cynical colleagues: "He hasn't a sou to buy me a cloak; he wants it for a new skeleton! *Egoiste, Va!*"

The students of the present generation may be divided into three classes—the rich, the foreign, and the poor. The wealthy student, if a Parisian *pur sang*, born in the capital, is generally a modern *muscadin*, that is to say, "masher," or "dude." He has joined the ranks of the *copurchis* of the Rive Droite, and dwells with his parents in one of the magnificent, but monotonous, avenues of the Champs Elysées. He sometimes goes to lectures in the paternal curricule, escorted by footmen, or drives thitherward in a smart trap or tilbury, attended by an ebony tiger or an English groom. He is a frequenter of the fashionable clubs and restaurants of the boulevards, and is to be seen at the races arrayed in semi-sporting attire, consisting of a light-blue or emerald-green overcoat, a white hat with a dust veil, and "ineffables" of a kind of *cretonne* pattern. The *cabarets* and *brasseries* of the "quarter" he leaves to the rich provincial student, who is the monarch of the Boulevard Saint Michel. It is the provincial student who usually plans popular demonstrations and *monômes*, or processions, and who is the presiding genius in turbulent "manifestations" against professors.

The foreign student is the tame and simious plagiarist of his provincial or metropolitan colleague. He hails, as a rule, from the Danubian Principalities, or is a blackamoor from San Domingo or Gaboon. He is a most assiduous frequenter of Bullier's dancing-hall, and of the beer-houses with Gothic or arabesque windows which abound in the dingy streets near the schools. "Culoglu" is the name generally given to the coloured students by their colleagues, and the local annals are full of numerous anecdotes which demonstrate that "Culoglu" is often the butt of a good deal of sarcasm, on account of his alleged stupidity and ignorance.

"Monsieur Culoglu," said a professor of zoology one day in the Examination Hall of the Sorbonne, "can mammals talk?"

The descendant of Cain looked dazed, scratched his woolly head, and, after a while, blurted out in bad French, "No talk, no talk, sir!"

"Try again, Monsieur Culoglu," said the bland professor. "Do reptilia and amphibians talk?"

There was another pause, and the daring Culoglu, having cogitated for a few minutes, hazarded the conjecture that the animals in question did not talk, but "that they had paws which enabled them to signify what they wanted."

It is, of course, quite possible that there are many Culoglus among the fair-skinned students of the Paris colleges, and it is a fact beyond dispute that more time is spent by the *jeunesse des écoles* in prohibited pursuits than in diligent perusal of the pages of the scholiasts. Nevertheless, the annual Concours Général at the Sorbonne brings forth a good deal of youthful talent, and the long muster-roll of great names identified with the Latin Quarter will doubtless receive many fresh additions in the future. In 1886 a boy of fifteen, who proved himself to be a kind of Chatterton Redivivus, carried off the first honours at the Concours Général by his "Eulogium of Homer by Ronsard," written in old French, and concluding with a neat sonnet. He was justly regarded as a juvenile phenomenon by friends, colleagues, and professors, and his success recalled the days of the brilliant prizemen such as Cousin, Michelet, the Duc d'Aumale, Prévost-Paradol, About, and Hervé, who have shed lustre on academical Paris.

W. L.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

THE author of "In the Gloaming" must have numberless friends and admirers who will cordially welcome "A Dream Alphabet and Other Poems" (Smith, Elder). The idea of the "Dream Alphabet" is merely this, that the subjects of the poems should follow in their initial letters the alphabetic series. If this seem too fanciful to some, the conceit will be forgiven for the sake of the graceful, melodious, and pathetic or playful lyrics, which are thus grouped. Where so much is worth citation, we hesitate to choose, and it is almost at random that the following verse from the poem "Il Penseroso" is taken:—

The beck ran gold in the setting sun,
And misty the glory on roof and leaf;
The damp, sweet breath of the day was gone
In one long last sigh of my heart's relief.
And all along in the beck I went,
And I thought of my Dead that were true to me,
And I said in my heart I am well content
To wait for the stars of Eternity.

In "A Dead Letter" there is much of the sad yearning tenderness of melancholic sentiment which has made "In the Gloaming" so popular; while "The Painter's Ideal" is a striking poem in its wealth of quaint imagery, as, for instance:—

Sink, sweet, thy small round chin, an ivory ball,
Within the dainty hollow of thy palm,
Just cupped to hold it.

Some of the translations are happy enough, and among them that of Heine's "Ich hab' im Traum geweinet;" but of Heine *minus* his mockery this poet reminds us, and he is also of the brotherhood of song to which Alfred de Musset belonged.

THE WOOD OF WHICH NOAH'S ARK WAS MADE is now claimed by America to be growing nowhere else on the globe but round Nashville, Tennessee, U.S.A. Certain trees in this neighbourhood are pronounced by some botanists to be the same as the shittim wood which composed the Ark, in defiance of the usual belief that this wood came from the acacias common in Palestine. The American shittim tree is medium sized, has dark, smooth bark and bright golden wood, while its long white blossoms in spring resemble great plumes of ostrich feathers.

ST. JACOBS OIL



A NEW DEPARTURE.

The publishers of one of the leading society papers of London have taken to analysing some of the leading patent medicines, also to investigating their published testimonials, with the result of creating quite a commotion among certain proprietors. Injurious effects likely to follow the use of patent medicines, published testimonials given from addresses which only exist in the mind of a clever writer in the company's employ, are fully exposed. Suits for heavy damages have been threatened by the proprietors of the remedies thus exposed. Injured innocence puts on a bold front, but the publishers of the paper in question do not frighten easily; they have taken up a question of vital interest to the public, and they propose to turn on the full light of intelligent investigation. One most excellent feature of this exposure is, that the public are enabled to discriminate between worthless nostrums and those really good remedies. The publishers evidently take this view of the question, for their last investigation is a most flattering one for the proprietors of that noted remedy, St. Jacobs Oil. The following is the report, headed—"The Verdict of the People of London on St. Jacobs Oil":—

Mr. WILLIAM HOWES, civil engineer, 66, Red Lion Street, High Holborn, W.C., was afflicted with rheumatism for twenty years. Sometimes his hands swelled to twice their natural size; his joints were so stiff that he could not walk, and his feet so sore that he could not bear any weight on them. Nothing relieved him till he applied St. Jacobs Oil. The result was marvellous. Before using the contents of two bottles all pain left him, and he is now in perfect health.

Mr. C. H. PALMER, Secretary of the Conservative Defence Association, and Overseer of the District of Islington, said:—"For a long time I have been a great sufferer from neuralgia in my face and head, and rheumatism in my limbs. After trying various remedies without obtaining relief, I procured a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, the use of which completely removed every trace of pain."

Mr. EDWARD PETERSON, electric light engineer, of 36, Whetstone Park, W.C., said:—"There can be no two opinions respecting the value of St. Jacobs Oil. I was completely used up with rheumatism in my arms and shoulders; a few good rubbings with that famous Oil drove all pain away."

Mr. HENRY JOHN BARLOW, of 4, Staples Inn Buildings, Holborn Bars, W.C., said:—"I had rheumatism in my feet and legs, which became so bad that I was hardly able to walk. St. Jacobs Oil removed all pain and completely cured me."

MRS. WOLFSBERGER, Matron of Moore Street Home for Poor, Crippled, and Orphan Boys, 17, Queen Street, Edgware Road, said that "St. Jacobs Oil has been used in the Home, and that it is powerful in relieving neuralgia and general rheumatism."

Mr. CHARLES CARTWRIGHT, of No. 7, Alfred Place, Bedford Square, W.C., said:—"Having for years been a great sufferer from rheumatism in my limbs, I used St. Jacobs Oil, which cured me directly, after other remedies had signally failed."

HENRY and ANN BRIGHT, Hon. Superintendents of the North London Home for Aged Christian Blind Women, say that "St. Jacobs Oil has proved unfailing; that rheumatism and neuralgia have in every case been removed by using the Oil, and many old ladies, some of them ninety years old, instead of tossing about in agony, now enjoy good nights' rest through its influence."

MRS. N. PRICE, of 14, Tabernacle Square, Finsbury, E.C., said:—"My wrist, that I had strained two years before, and which had given me pain without intermission, yielded like magic to the application of St. Jacobs Oil."

Mr. J. CLARK, of 21, South Place, Brixton Road, London, said:—"Although I was not able to rise from a sitting position without the aid of a chair, I was able to stand and walk after the application of St. Jacobs Oil."

Mr. J. WILKINSON, 88, Benthon Road, South Hackney, suffered from rheumatism in his feet and legs for twenty years. The contents of one bottle of St. Jacobs Oil drove away all pain, and brought about an effectual cure.

ROBERT GEORGE WATTS, M.A., M.D., M.R.C.S., of Albion House, Quadrant Road, Canonbury, N., said:—"I cannot refrain from testifying to the very great efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil in all cases of chronic rheumatism, sciatica, and neuralgia."

REV. EDWARD SINGLETON, M.A., 30, Bournevue Road, Streatham, said:—"St. Jacobs Oil removed all pain directly."

REV. W. J. CAULFIELD BROWNE, M.A., rector, Kittsford Rectory, said:—"My parishioners, under my recommendation, use St. Jacobs Oil."

Mr. E. J. FEUSEY, Brixton Rise, London, was treated for sciatica by eminent medical gentlemen in private practice and in the Convalescents' Home, Bexhill-on-the-Sea, near London. He obtained no relief, but the contents of one bottle of St. Jacobs Oil practically cured him.

This Journal concludes its article as follows:—"It is a source of the greatest satisfaction to us, in conducting these investigations, to be able to report a medicine which is so highly endorsed as the above-mentioned. Since making the above investigation, we have learnt that St. Jacobs Oil has such a world-wide reputation, that Her Majesty's troops, as well as the Cunard Line and other steamers, are never considered ready for sea until a supply of the Oil is on board."

HEALTH RESTORED by means of MILD CONTINUOUS CURRENTS OF ELECTRICITY (without shock) generated by wearing HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELT.

WILL LAST FOR YEARS.

Price 21s., post free.

PUBLIC CAUTION.—Although all rights are secured by Royal Patents, our great success has led to unscrupulous copying, in some cases not only of the Advertisements, but the outward appearance of the Electropathic Belts also, and these counterfeit Belts being dangerous and disappointing imitations, we wish the public to note the ONLY ADDRESS of our Company, as even the name of the Company has been grossly pirated.

52, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.

Price 21s., post free.

THOUSANDS have been successfully treated for RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, GOUT, KIDNEY COMPLAINTS, EPILEPSY, PARALYSIS, SLEEPLESSNESS, INDIGESTION, CONSTIPATION, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, GENERAL & LOCAL DEBILITY, HYSTERIA, FUNCTIONAL DISORDERS, &c.

GUARANTEED TO RESTORE Impaired Vital Energy, Invigorate the Debilitated Constitution, Stimulate the Organic Action, Promote the Circulation, Assist Digestion, and Promptly Renew that Vital Energy, the loss of which is the first symptom of decay. It is not merely something to make the muscles contract and twitch. Its healing properties are multifarious; it stimulates the functions of various organs, increases their secretions, gives tone to muscles and nerves, relaxes morbid contractions, improves nutrition, and renews exhausted Nerve Force. Acting directly on the system, it sustains and assists its various functions, and promotes the health and vigor of the entire frame.

The following are selected from Thousands of Reports received. The Originals may be seen at the Company's Rooms.

SLEEPLESSNESS.—The Rt. Hon. LORD BYRON says that "Harness' Electropathic Belt is invaluable for sleeplessness."

RHEUMATIC GOUT.—Major Pakenham, Longstone House, Armagh, writes:—"Your Electropathic Belt has completely cured me of RHEUMATISM."

LUMBAGO.—Mrs. M. Orzel, 8, Barry Square, Dowlais, writes:—"The LUMBAGO—J. R. Carnie, Stat on Master, L. B. & S. C. Ry., Clapham Junction Station, S.W., writes:—"I have derived great benefit from wearing your Electropathic Belt. The lumbago and pains in my back have both ceased."

RHEUMATIC FEVER.—Dr. C. Lemphire, D.C.L., Senior Fellow St. John's College, Oxford, writes:—"I can speak positively of its advantages."

SCIATICA.—Mr. R. F. Watson, Proprietor "Harwich Free Press," 13, Market Street, Harwich, writes:—"Harness' Electropathic Belt has completely cured me of Sciatica."

LADIES' AILMENTS.—Mrs. Hawkey, 43, N. Four Street, Caledonian R. W., London, N., writes:—"Harness' Electropathic Belt has completely cured me of the extreme debility and exhaustion in which I suffered, and at times of painful hysteria, consequent upon defective circulation and periodic irregularity. Mine is a remarkable recovery."

"ELECTROPATHY; OR, HARNESS' GUIDE TO HEALTH," POST FREE on application.

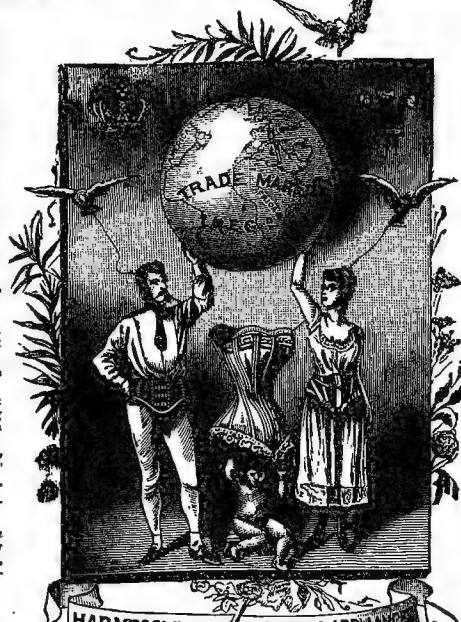
On receipt of Post Office Order or Cheque, value 21s., crossed

undertake to forward HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELT, as described above, for either Lady or Gentleman, free by post, to any part of the United Kingdom.

NOTE ONLY ADDRESS:—

MR. C. B. HARNESS, 52, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

(Corner of Rathbone Place.)



MR. C. B. HARNESS, the Eminent Consulting Medical Electrician, has been specially retained by the Company, and may be consulted daily (WITHOUT CHARGE) on all matters relating to HEALTH and the application of CURATIVE ELECTRICITY. Residents at a distance, and those unable to avail themselves of a personal consultation, are invited to write for a PRIVATE ADVICE FORM, which will be forwarded POST FREE on application.

The following are selected from Thousands of Reports received. The Originals may be seen at the Company's Rooms.

MEDICAL TESTIMONY.—An eminent M.D. of Bath, writes:—"August 22nd, 1887.—My patient has derived considerable benefit from your Electropathic treatment, and as regards your Xylonite Truss, it far surpasses all others." The Original may be seen at the Company's Establishment.

CONSTIPATION.—Rev. D. Sutcliffe, Vicar of Holme, Burnley, Lancashire, writes:—"My health has improved very satisfactorily, and I am now entirely free from the constipation I used to suffer from so severely."

NERVOUS DEBILITY.—A. A. James, Esq., F.R.H.S., Chapel Road, Lower Norwood, London, S.E., writes:—"I have obtained great benefit from wearing your Electropathic Appliance. The pains in my head have left me, and I feel stronger both generally and locally."

LIVER COMPLAINT.—Barry Close, Esq., 72, Cambridge Street, Pimlico, London, S.W., writes:—"It has effected such a positive cure, that I should be glad to answer any enquiries."

DYSPEPSIA.—Miss Wells, Scarborough, writes:—"I feel altogether stronger and better."

WINTER'S CRAMP.—Miss E. Hastings, Ladbroke, writes:—"A complete cure."

SCIATICA CURED.—Mrs. Conway, 29, Archway Street, Barnet, Surrey, writes:—"I have been a constant sufferer from sciatica for the past ten years, and my cure seems a marvel."

HERNIA, may now be cured by Mr. Harness' new and successful treatment. Advice and Examination Free.

52, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

(Corner of Rathbone Place.)



ROBINSON AND CLEAVER'S

ROYAL IRISH DAMASK

SAMPLES, TABLE POST FREE. LINEN.

FISH NAPKINS, 2s. 11d. per doz.

DINNER NAPKINS, 5s. 6d. per dozen. Samples, post free.

TABLE CLOTHS, 2 yards square, 4s. 11d.; 2 1/2 yards by 3 yards, 5s. 11d. each.

ROYAL IRISH LINEN SHEETING, Fully Bleached, 2 yards wide, 1s. 11d. per yard; 2 1/2 yards wide, 2s. 4 1/2d. per yard (the most durable article in sale). Samples, post free.

SURPLISE LINEN, 7d. per yard.

Linen Dusters, 4s. 11d.; Glass Cloths, 4s. 6d. per doz.

FINE LINENS and Linen Diaper, 8 1/2d. per yard. Frilled Linen Pillow Cases from 1s. 11d. each. Samples, post free.

ROLLER TOWELLING, 18 inches wide, 3 1/2d. per yard. Samples, post free.

KITCHEN TABLE CLOTHS, 11d. each. Samples, post free.

STRONG HUCKABACK TOWELS, 4s. 11d. per doz. Samples, post free.

MONOGRAMS, Crests, Coats of Arms, Initials, &c. woven and embroidered.

SAMPLES and (Please name any Article specially required.)

ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS

POST FREE

TO any part of the World, by

ROBINSON and CLEAVER,

Holding Special Appointments to the Queen and the Empress Frederick of Germany.

Please name Belfast. [Graphic.]

Telegraphic Address—LINEN. Belfast.

O'BRIEN'S IRISH SHIRTS.—

Made specially to your own pattern or measurement. Guaranteed sound material. Honest work. No "white slave" labour. Send for samples and price.

—GEO. O'BRIEN and CO., Manufacturers, Belfast.

NEW SHIRTS for OLD ONES

Old Shirts retted with Irish Linen Fronts and Cuffs. Good quality, 2s. 6d. each. Specially fine Linen, 3s. each. New Shirts made to order.

GEO. O'BRIEN and CO., Manufacturers, Belfast.

PURE WOOL SHIRTS and

"UNSHRINKABLE" Wool Shirts, from 4s. 6d. to 9s. 9d. each, ready made or to order; also Pyjamas or Sleeping Suits. Send for Patterns.

GEO. O'BRIEN and CO., Manufacturers, Belfast.

BY SPECIAL ROYAL APPOINTMENT.

SPEARMAN'S SERGES—THE BEST IN THE WORLD.—Pure INDIGO DYE. ROYAL NAVY BLUE. WOODED WEAVINGS. Low quotations. No draper or tailor sell SPEARMAN'S renowned Serges; they can only be obtained direct from SPEARMAN, SPEARMAN, PLYMOUTH. No material manufactured is so useful for Ladies' Autumn and Winter Wear or Gentlemen's Suits. Send for patterns and select at home for yourselves. Purces carriage paid in Great Britain and Ireland. Goods packed for export at lowest freight.

SPEARMAN & SPEARMAN, PLYMOUTH.

**RED NOSES
RED FACES
RED HANDS**

Cured no matter to what cause due by the DR. STREETER METHOD. Always effective and absolutely harmless and free from any poison. Send self-addressed envelope for explanation to STREETER MEDICINE CO., 234A, Lower Road, Deptford.

JEWSBURY & BROWN,
ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE

**Oriental
Tooth
Paste**

SIXTY YEARS IN USE.

CAUTION.—The Genuine only is signed **JEWSBURY & BROWN**, ALL PERFUMERS & CHEMISTS. 6d., 1s., & 2s. 6d. POT.

ZELO'S SKIN CURE
AND INFANTS' MEDICATED TOILET POWDER

Absolute cure for Eczema, Erysipelas, Scurf, Sores, Scrofula, Rubs, Burns, Redness, and all Diseases of the Skin. Price as 6d., at all Chemists, or post free 2s. 6d. ZELO, 114, High St., Cowes, I.W.

**Beetham's
Glycerine
Cucumber**

Is the most perfect PREPARATION for SOFTENING and BEAUTIFYING THE SKIN EVER PRODUCED. Its effect in removing all IMPURITIES, REDNESS, CHAPS, &c., is almost magical, and by its use the skin is rendered SOFT, SMOOTH, and WHITE, and preserved from the ill effects of FROST, COLD WINDS, and HARD WATER.

No Lady who values her complexion should ever be without it at this season of the year. If used after Dancing or visiting heated apartments it will be found DELIGHTFULLY COOLING and REFRESHING. For the Nursery it is invaluable, as it is perfectly harmless. Bottles—1s., 2s. 6d., of all Chemists and Perfumers. Sole Makers—**M. BEETHAM & SON, Chemists, CHELTENHAM.**

**HAIR
NUDA VERITAS RESTORER.**

For twenty-two years acknowledged to be superior to all other Hair Restorers. Most effectual, harmless, and permanent.

NUDA VERITAS Restores Grey or Faded Hair to its original colour.

NUDA VERITAS causes growth on bald spots.

NUDA VERITAS is sold in cases at 10s. 6d. by all Chemists, Perfumers, &c., from whom circulars may be had.

Agents—**R. HOVENDEEN and SONS,** 31 and 32, BERNERS STREET, W., and 91-95, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

**NEVER
REQUIRES
GRINDING**

KROPP
REGISTERED
REAL GERMAN. HOLLOW GROUND
Ivory Handle
5/6
7/6

From all Dealers, or direct from the English Depot, 31, FRIETH STREET, SOHO, LONDON, W.

Certain | HARNESS' | Cure.

ELECTROPATHIC BELT

FOR
Ladies' Ailments

Mrs. CRAWFORD, 3, Princes' Mansions, Victoria Street, S.W., writes:—"After a fortnight's application of the Harness' Electropathic Belt, the effect has been truly marvellous. For eight months my life was a terrible burden. I am now quite well again."

Guaranteed to generate a mild continuous current of Electricity, which speedily cures all Disorders of the Nerves, Stomach, Liver and Kidneys. Thousands of Testimonials. Pamphlet & Advice free on application to Mr. C. H. HARNESS, Consulting Electrician, the Medical Battery Co. Ltd.

Only Address. **LONDON, W. 52, OXFORD ST.** (Corner of Rathbone Place.)
Call to-day, if possible, or write at once

UMBRELLAS.

SEE THIS NAME IS ON EVERY UMBRELLA FRAME YOU BUY

S. FOX & CO., LIMITED.

PATENTEES & SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF ALL STERLING IMPROVEMENTS IN UMBRELLA FRAMES

PARACON TRADE MARKS

SAMUEL FOX & Co., Limited, have added to their celebrated frames decided improvements (protected by Letters Patent) which give increased stability and greater neatness to the Umbrella.

SAMUEL FOX & Co., Limited, manufacture the Steel specially for all their frames, and are thus able to provide exceptional quality at a merely nominal price over inferior makes.

SHAVING A LUXURY.

THE "PREMIER" RAZOR
STROPPING MACHINE.

Every Machine Guaranteed.

"Tested in every way on razors keen and razors blunt, the machine is perfection. There is no trouble, science, or skill involved in its use. You merely fix your razor in the holder, edge downwards, turn a handle slowly for a few seconds, and behold, the weapon is as keen as well, let us say as a razor should be."—Extract from testimonial.

J. GORDON, Winchester House, Old Broad Street, London

TO STOUT PEOPLE.

Sunday Times says:—"Mr. Russell's aim is to ERADICATE, to CURE the disease, and that his treatment is the true one seems beyond all doubt. The medicine he prescribes DOES NOT LOWER, BUT BUILDS UP AND TONES THE SYSTEM." Book (116 pages), with recipe and notes how to pleasantly and rapidly cure OBESITY (average reduction in first week is 3 lbs.), post free 8 stamps.

F. C. RUSSELL, Woburn House, Store St., Bedford Sq., London, W.C.

"TWIXT PLATE AND LIP"

AND OF THE Common Sense of Eating; an illustrated Health Handbook for every day, with which is incorporated the 12th Edition of "Advice to Dyspeptics." CONTENTS—Advice to Dyspeptics (Cooking, Mastication); Food in middle life and old age; in tropical, temperate, and cold climates; Emaciation; Fatness; Air and Ventilation; Indigestion; its cause and cure. The Physiology of the digestive process. Notes on remarkable cases of Indigestion. Leaders in Medicine and Surgery (illustrated biographical notices of living celebrities). Portrait and sketch of Harvey. Shakespeare on the circulation of the blood. Glossary of medical terms, &c. Post free two stamps from the PUBLISHER, 46, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION

NORTON'S

CAMOMILE PILLS

Are confidently recommended as a simple but certain remedy for

INDIGESTION.

See Testimonial, selected from hundreds:—

CROYDON, 1885.

"Having been a sufferer from Indigestion for many years, I am happy to say that I have at last not only been relieved but perfectly cured by using Norton's Pills, and confidently recommend them to all suffering from the same."

"J. WILKINSON."

For other Testimonials, see Monthly Magazines, Sold EVERYWHERE, price 1s. 1½d., 2s. 6d., & 11s.

HALL MARKED SILVER BRIAR PIPE, beautifully engraved or plain in leather-covered case. Free by Parcel post for 3s. 6d.

A. W. ABRAHAM, 29, Edgware St., Birmingham

Wholesale Manufacturer of Tobaccoists' Fancy Goods. Illustrated Catalogue Free

TOWLE'S 1/1½, 2/9, 4/6, & 11/-

TCHLORODYNE

RECOMMENDED FOR

Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption, Spasms, and Diarrhoea

LINDSAY'S IRISH LINENS

EMBROIDERED IRISH LINEN DRESSES. EMBROIDERED FLOSS FLAX. EQUAL TO SILK.

White and various Colours in Irish Linen Dress Materials as cheap as Calico.

IRISH LINEN SHEETS MADE UP READY FOR USE IN EVERY SIZE AND QUALITY.

Samples and Price Lists Post Free

Damask Table Linens, Diapers, Sheetings, Pillow Linens, Shirtings, Towellings, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Cambric Handkerchiefs, Bordered and Hemstitched, Plain and Embroidered, the production of their OWN LOOMS, at WHOLESALE PRICES.

JAMES LINDSAY & CO., LTD., BELFAST,

Linen Manufacturers to Her Majesty the Queen.

ESTABLISHED OVER SIXTY YEARS.



By SPECIAL ROYAL and IMPERIAL WARRANT.

EGERTON BURNETT'S

ROYAL SERGES and other FASHIONABLE MATERIALS.

Patterns Post Free.

For Ladies', Children's, and Gentlemen's Dress. Unsurpassed for Beauty, Novelty, and Sterling Value. The Immense Variety of Patterns comprises Specialities to suit all Climates, and all Fashions.

For LADIES, 10½d. to 3s. 6d. per Yard.

For GENTLEMEN'S and BOYS' WEAR, 54-inch, from 2s. 11d. per Yd.

Ditto for INDIAN & SUMMER WEAR, 4s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. per Yard.

ANY LENGTH SOLD.

Carriage Paid on Orders of £1 in value, to any Railway Station in the United Kingdom.

GOODS PACKED FOR EXPORTATION.

Address—**EGERTON BURNETT,** Woollen Warehouse, WELLINGTON, SOMERSET, ENGLAND. No Agents.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER'S FOR MORNING, AFTERNOON, EVENING, DRESS FABRICS.

as testified by the number of repeat orders they induce, and which are sent all over the world. They are the best, cheapest, and latest fashion. Patterns post free. — ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST, to the Queen and the Empress Frederick of Germany. Please name Graphic.

PETER ROBINSON, COURT AND FAMILY MOURNING WAREHOUSE

256 to 262, REGENT STREET

ON RECEIPT OF LETTER OR TELEGRAM.

Mourning Goods will be forwarded to any part of England on approbation—no matter the distance—with an excellent fitting Dressmaker (if desired) without any extra charge whatever. Address—**PETER ROBINSON, MOURNING WAREHOUSE, REGENT STREET.**

INEXPENSIVE MOURNING, as well as the Richest Qualities, can be supplied by **PETER ROBINSON** upon advantageous terms, to Families.

FRENCH and ENGLISH DRESSMAKING at very moderate charges.

PARCELS POST FREE. MADE-UP ARTICLES, OR MATERIALS BY THE YARD.

Forwarded promptly.

PETER ROBINSON'S COURT AND GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE. 256, REGENT STREET.

KNITTING WOOLS & SILKS

THE PROVIDENCE MILLS SPINNING CO., BRADFORD, YORKS. guarantee the full weight of 16 oz. to the pound. Their Wools and Silks are not weighed with heavy dyes or chemicals, but are all of the best quality and pure fast dye. SAMPLES FREE. Carriage paid on orders of 10s. and upwards. Mention "Graphic."

IRISH COTTAGE INDUSTRY.

Fine IRISH HEMSTITCHED Cambric Pocket Handkerchiefs, Embroidered by IRISH PEASANTRY. Ladies size 6s. and 7s. 6d. per half-dozen, post free. Pure Irish Linen Goods at Manufacturers' Prices. Fish Napkins, 4s. 6d. per doz. Dinner Napkins, 4s. 6d. per doz.

IRISH DAMASK CLOTHS. 2 yards square, 2s. 9d. each. Nursery Diaper, 4½d. per yard. Real Irish Linen Sheet, fully bleached, 2 yards wide, 1s. 1½d. per yard. Surplice Linen, 7d. per yard. Huckaback Towels, 4s. 6d. per doz.

IRISH CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS Ladies' Size, 2s. 3d. per doz.; Gent's Size, 3s. 6d. per doz. Old Shirts refitted, fine Irish Linen, 2s., or with very best Irish Linen, returned free, ready for use 2s. 6d. each. Samples and Price List Free to all parties. All Parcels sent Carriage Paid.

G. H. HUTTON and CO., LARN E, Belfast.

SWANBILL BELTS. Registered. Price 31s. 6d.

The Swanbill Belt or Figure Improver in made of woven silk elastic. It gives the necessary support where most required, and is comparatively almost as light as a feather.

"Nothing can be better. The Swanbill Silk elastic belt is a real comfort."—*Court Journal*

"The Swanbill Belt I recommend to all young mothers, for nothing tends to age a woman so much as the loss of symmetry of figure. By attention a woman may almost retain her natural maiden form, even though a mother of a large family."—*Madame Schill's Journal*

Send size of waist, with P.O.O. on 179, Sloane Street.

ADDLEY BOURNE, LADIES' WAREHOUSE, 174, Sloane Street, Belgravia (late of Piccadilly.)

NUBIAN LIQUID WATERPROOF BLACKING

No brushes required. Applied with sponge attached to the cork. Gives a brilliant polish, equal to patent leather, to Boots, Shoes, Harness and Leather articles which lasts a week in all weathers. Mud can be washed off and polish remains. Sold everywhere.

Specialities in FINE PERFUMERY and TOILET SOAPS.

Violet PARIS

29, Boul. des Italiens.

SOLE INVENTOR OF **ROYAL THRIDACE SOAP** and **VELOUTINE SOAP**

Highly recommended by the medical faculty for promoting a healthy condition of the skin and beautifying the complexion.

Our latest Perfumes for the Handkerchief **FLEUR DE LOTUS | KI-LOE DU JAPON**

MELILA | VIOLETTE BLANCHE

Of all High-Class Perfumers and Chemists. Wholesale: **OSBORNE GARRETT & Co., London, W.**

"They come as a boon and a blessing to men. The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen."

THE HINDOO PEN. Nos. 1, 2, 3

MAGNIFICENT CAMERON NO. 2 HINDOO PEN EDINBURGH

"With oblique points are inestimable." Assorted Box of M. & C's Pens, 1s. 1d. by post. **MAGNIVEN and CAMERON, EDINBURGH**

FISHER'S GLADSTONE BAG.

18 in. Plated, £6. Silver, £7 10s.

In Black or Brown Cowhide, with Strong Lock and Brass Catches. Removable Centre, fitted complete with Comb, Hair Brush, Clothes and Hat Brush, Tooth, Nail, and Shaving Brushes, Razor, Soap Case, Penholder, Pencil, Inkstand, Match Box, Looking Glass, Two Razors, Scissors, Nail File, Button Hook. Price complete, £6 with Plated Fittings, £7 10s. with Silver Fittings.

FISHER'S BEATRICE BAG.

The New Lady's Bag, Removable Centre, Made of Leather, Fitted complete, SILVER MOUNTS, Ivory Brushes. Very Elegant. A small Fitted Bag contains Soap Box, Jar, Scent Bottle, Tooth and Nail Brushes, Paper Knife, Glove Stretcher, Comb, Hair Brush, Velvet Brush, Looking Glass, Scissors, Button Hook, Nail File, Knife, Corkscrew.

Price £4 15s.

S. FISHER, 188, STRAND.

ED. PINAUD PARIS, 37, Bd de Strasbourg

ED. Pinaud's Celebrated Perfumes Violet of Parma | Theodor | Ixora Brioni | etc.

ED. Pinaud's QUININE WATER The world renowned hair tonic; prevents the hair from falling off.

ED. Pinaud's IXORA SOAP The best soap known.

112 page Illustrated Catalogue July, 1888, now ready

"THE GUN of the PERIOD" TRADE MARK

TREBLE GRIP EXPRESS RIFLES HENRY OR METFORD RIFLING

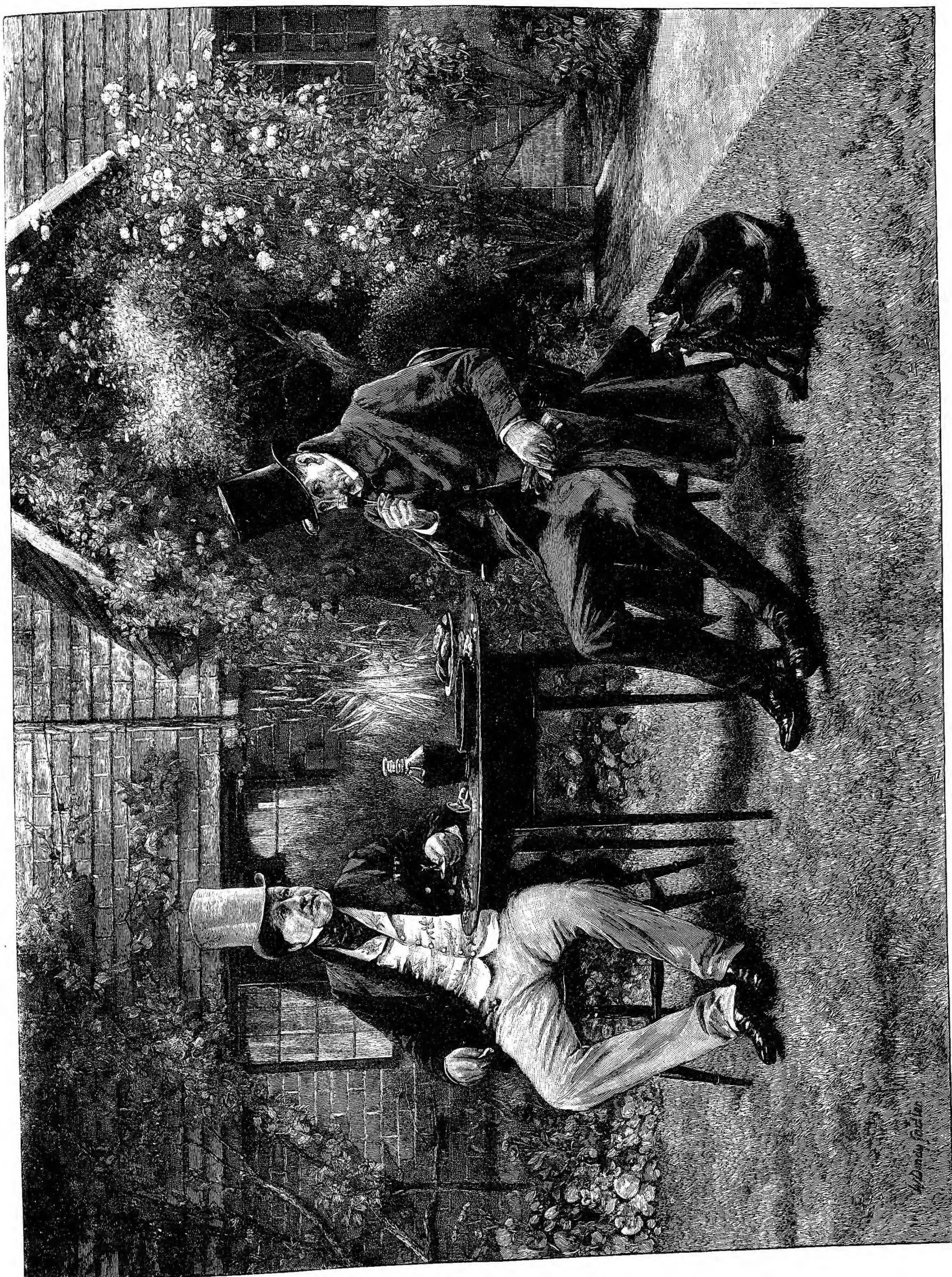
DIAGRAMS SENT. LOWEST TRAJECTORY GREAT ACCURACY

LARGE BORE RIFLES. For Big game shooting, 4, 8, and 10 bore. Bore 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100. Rifles—non-fouling, cartridge—single and double. Rifles—same bores, 8 to 12 guineas. Rifles—same bores, 12 to 14 guineas. Rifles—same bores, 14 to 16 guineas. Rifles—same bores, 16 to 18 guineas. Rifles—same bores, 18 to 20 guineas. Rifles—same bores, 20 to 22 guineas. Rifles—same bores, 22 to 24 guineas. Rifles—same bores, 24 to 26 guineas. Rifles—same bores, 26 to 28 guineas. Rifles—same bores, 28 to 30 guineas. Rifles—same bores, 30 to 32 guineas. Rifles—same bores, 32 to 34 guineas. Rifles—same bores, 34 to 36 guineas. Rifles—same bores, 36 to 38 guineas. Rifles—same bores, 38 to 40 guineas. Rifles—same bores, 40 to 42 guineas. Rifles—same bores, 42 to 44 guineas. Rifles—same bores, 44 to 46 guineas. Rifles—same bores, 46 to 48 guineas. Rifles—same bores, 48 to 50 guineas. Rifles—same bores, 50 to 52 guineas. Rifles—same bores, 52 to 54 guineas. Rifles—same bores, 54 to 56 guineas. Rifles—same bores, 56 to 58 guineas. Rifles—same bores, 58 to 60 guineas. Rifles—same bores, 60 to 62 guineas. Rifles—same bores, 62 to 64 guineas. Rifles—same bores, 64 to 66 guineas. Rifles—same bores, 66 to 68 guineas. Rifles—same bores, 68 to 70 guineas. Rifles—same bores, 70 to 72 guineas. Rifles—same bores, 72 to 74 guineas. Rifles—same bores, 74 to 76 guineas. Rifles—same bores, 76 to 78 guineas. Rifles—same bores, 78 to 80 guineas. Rifles—same bores, 80 to 82 guineas. Rifles—same bores, 82 to 84 guineas. Rifles—same bores, 84 to 86 guineas. Rifles—same bores, 86 to 88 guineas. Rifles—same bores, 88 to 90 guineas. Rifles—same bores, 90 to 92 guineas. Rifles—same bores, 92 to 94 guineas. Rifles—same bores, 94 to 96 guineas. Rifles—same bores, 96 to 98 guineas. Rifles—same bores, 98 to 100 guineas.

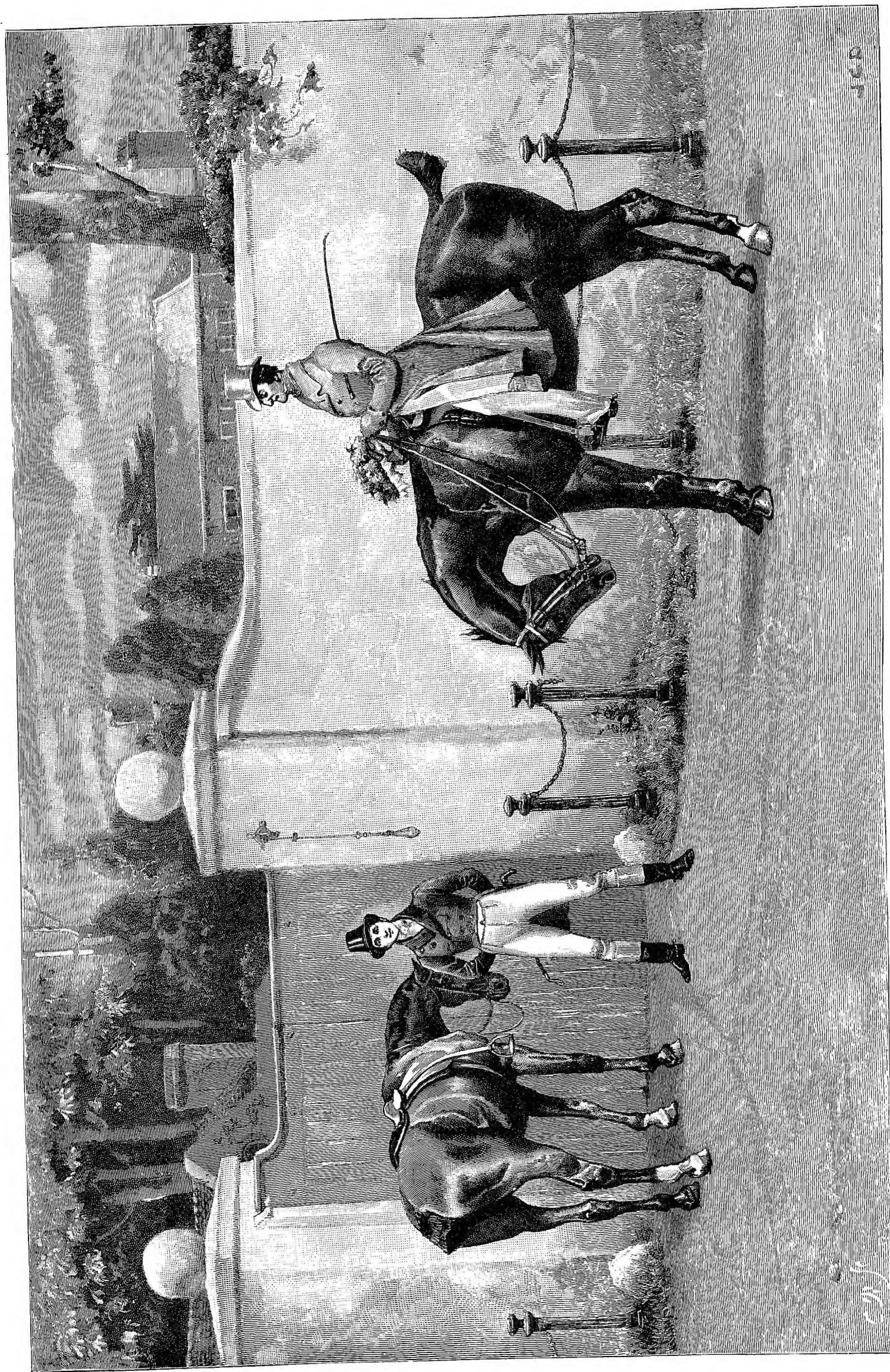
G.E. LEWIS, 32 & 33, Lower LONDON STREET, BIRMINGHAM. ESTABLISHED 1840

ALEX. ROSS'S SKIN TIGHTENER or TONIC It removes wrinkles, the crow's feet marks, 3s. 6d. senior 4s. 6d. Lamb's Conduit Street, near Holborn, London.

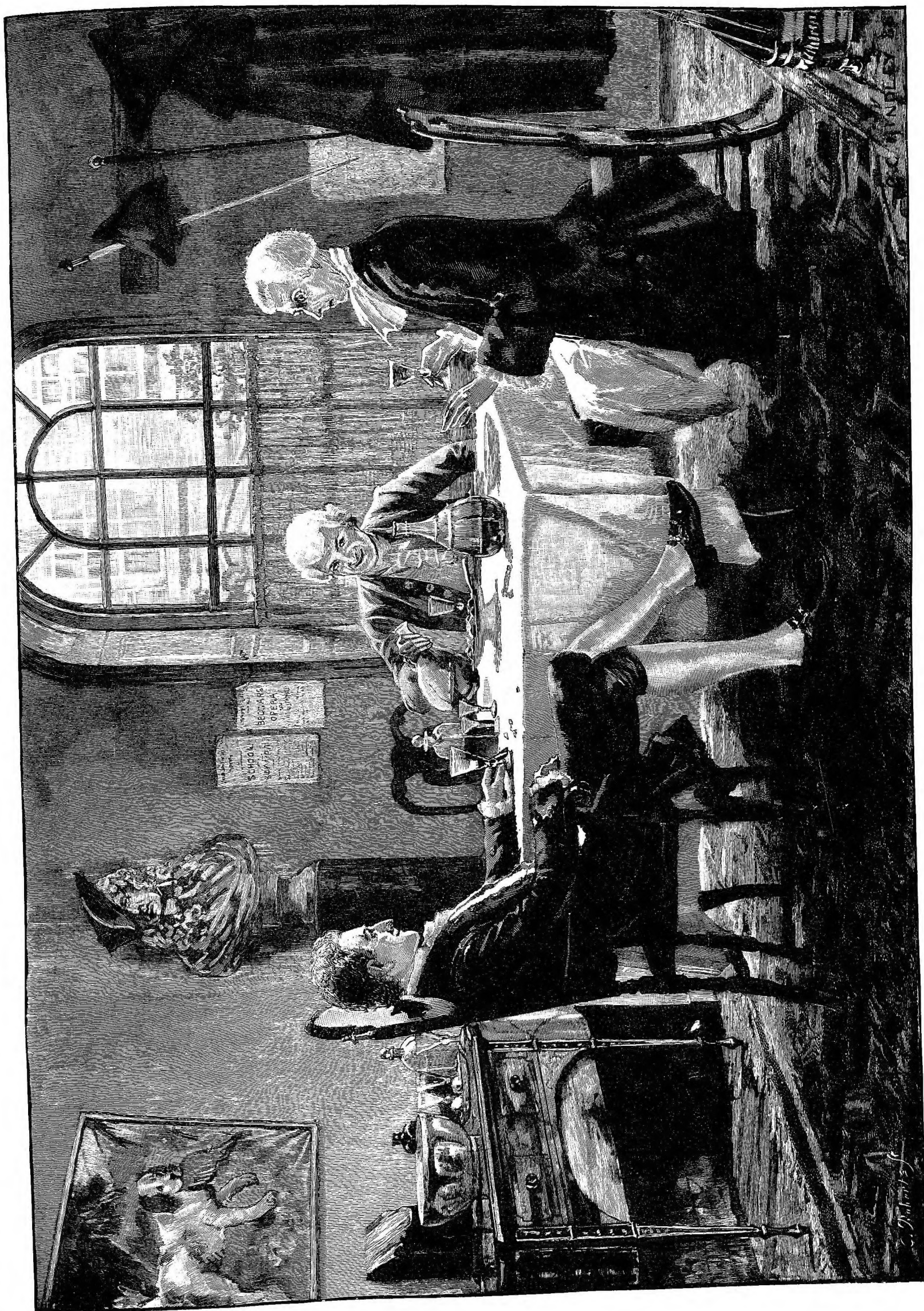
Printed for the Proprietors at 12, Midland Street, EDWARD JOSEPH MANSFIELD, and published by him at 190, Strand, in the parish of St. Clement Danes, Middlesex.—FEBRUARY 9, 1889



"CORKED"
FROM THE PICTURE BY W. DENDY SADLER, EXHIBITED AT THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL COLOURS



"HER BIRTHDAY"
FROM THE PICTURE BY J. C. DOLLMAN, R.I., EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS



"A HIT! A VERY PALPABLE HIT!"
FROM THE PICTURE BY GODFREY C. HINDLEY, EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY



"PORTRAIT OF A LADY"
FROM THE PASTEL DRAWING BY J. MACHARD, EXHIBITED AT THE GROSVENOR GALLERY